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WOODSTOCK LETTERS

VOL. XVI, No. 3.

A CONTRIBUTION TOWARDS A HISTORY OF THE IRISH PROVINCE OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS

FROM ITS REVIVAL SOON AFTER THE YEAR 1800.

By the late Rev. John Grene, S. J. [1]

(*Concluded.*)

The venerable Dean Meagher, in his funeral oration over Archbishop Murray, called Fr. Kenney the Apostle of Dublin. Fr. Matthew Gahan, whom we have mentioned before, had a better or at least more exclusive claim to the title often given to him, of Apostle of the Isle of Man. This interesting island was altogether destitute of spiritual help and full of strange superstitions when he volunteered for this lonely mission in 1826. He labored hard, built a church at Douglas, and established schools, not, we may be sure, from the resource supplied by the handful of indifferent Catholics he found in the island. Fr. Aylmer, by what we call an accident, paid him an unexpected visit in the early part of 1837 and was just in time to give the solitary missionary all the consolations of religion before he died on the 22nd of February.

The second visit of the cholera to Dublin in 1834 (the first visit was two years earlier) carried off after one night's sickness Fr. John Shine, and, four days later, Fr. Robert

(1) A notice of Fr. Grene will be found on another page.

O'Ferrall, in his thirtieth year. The latter was brother to the Right Hon. Richard More O'Ferrall, whose best title to remembrance is that he resigned the Governorship of Malta as a protest against Lord John Russell's Papal Aggression Bill. Fr. Shine was perhaps, after Fr. James Butler, the most efficient of the first Clongowes professors, and had for four or five years taken charge of the day school into which the Hardwick Street Chapel had been transformed after the opening of St. Francis Xavier's, Gardiner Street. He caught the dreadful malady from a poor person whom he was attending.

Before mentioning some other names of persons, it seems right to speak, even with unfair brevity, of a place in which many Irish Jesuits have done good and hard work for God. The College of St. Stanislaus, at Tullabeg, in King's County, forty-nine Irish miles from Dublin, was opened not very long after Clongowes. It was indeed at first intended as a novitiate, and for some time was applied to this purpose under its first Rector, Fr. Robert St. Leger; but it soon became a school, at first preparatory to Clongowes and subsequently vying with Clongowes. Large additional buildings were erected by subsequent Rectors, especially Fathers John Ffrench, Matthew Senner, and Alfred Murphy. A great improvement was given to the studies of the boys under the energetic rule of Fr. William Delany from the year 1870, and the College of St. Stanislaus scored well in the matriculation at the University of London, and also in the Irish Intermediate Examinations. But in the year 1886 it was considered wise to combine the teaching power of our two Colleges, which are not very far apart, and to give further development to Clongowes, the Mother-House of the Society in Ireland. Large additions to the buildings had been made by Fr. Robert Carbery and other Rectors. On the 8th of April, 1866, a fire, caused by the negligence of a plumber at work on the roof of the fine study-hall erected by Fr. Aylmer, spread to the refectory underneath, and destroyed these rooms with many valuable pictures, books and papers. A plentiful supply of water and efficient engines kept the fire within its original limit, and no danger to life or limb occurred. The loss was partly covered by insurance, and it was made the occasion of a generous subscription by former pupils of the College, who met at the house of Lord Chancellor Naish in Mountjoy Square, Dublin. The result has beeen highly beneficial to the elegance and efficiency of the collegiate buildings. May it be the opening of a new era of prosperity for dear old Clongowes under its youthful Rector, Fr. John Conmee.

This sketch deals chiefly with places and persons. The places which remain still to be commemorated must have even scantier justice accorded to them. We have mentioned incidentally that the Hardwick Street day school was transferred to Belvidere House, No. 6 Great Denmark Street, which in some of its internal decorations gives one some idea of the magnificence of the Irish nobility before the Union impoverished Dublin. Very fine school-rooms and a spacious lecture-hall and theatre have recently been built by the present Rector, Fr Thomas Finlay, who, by the way, might be described by the phrase which Suetonius applies to some Roman general—'dux consiliis, manu miles.' Besides presiding over St. Francis Xavier's College—by no means an 'otiose providence'—as Fellow of the Royal University he teaches a class of moral philosophy at the Catholic University College, Stephen's Green. With the name of Belvidere—which is now attended by about three hundred boys, a large number for an Irish school,— we may link the names of some of its former Rectors, such as Fr. Meagher (uncle to the eloquent Thomas Francis Meagher, of '48, and afterwards General in the American army); Fr. Francis Murphy, still teaching boys in St. Patrick's College, Melbourne; and Fr. Michael O'Ferrall, who for some years after 1864 helped our Fathers of the dispersed Sardinian Province in their prosperous exile near the Golden Gate. He died soon after his return from San Francisco.

In this context might be mentioned Fr. Edward Kelly and Fr. Thomas Kelly, but their work in the arduous office of Superior lay chiefly in Limerick. Their names, coupled with that of their eldest brother Fr. William Kelly —one of the founders of the Australian Mission, and still exercising his versatile gifts A.M.D.G. in New South Wales [1] —suggest a remark which has sometimes been made. Is there any Province of the Society, even twice or thrice as large as Ireland, which has among its members so many pairs and triplets of brothers? We have just named three brothers. Of another name (Hughes) we have three also, and again two; and we have had two Fathers St. Leger, two Fathers Bellew, two Fathers Lynch, two Fathers Seaver, two Fathers Duffy; and we still have two Fathers Dalton, two Fathers Keating, two Fathers Finlay, four Fathers Daly, two Fathers Colgan, and some other paternal couples, besides cousins *galore*, that is, to *n* factors. But

[1] Will it be indiscreet to add that the only other member of the fireside circle has been doing the holy work of a Sister of Mercy these thirty years in Perth, Western Australia, whither she bravely went from her noviceship in the Mother House in Baggot Street, before there was any chance of her having a Jesuit brother on the same continent, but a thousand miles away from her?

these details may perhaps be beneath the dignity of the historic muse.

St. Munchin's College (afterwards College of the Sacred Heart) was opened in Limerick in March, 1859, with the cordial sanction of the good old Bishop, Doctor Ryan. Fr. Edward Kelly was the first Rector. The Church of the Sacred Heart was built by his successor, Fr. Thomas Kelly, and opened in 1868, the dedication sermon being preached by the holy and eloquent Dominican Bishop of Dromore, Doctor John Pius Leahy. The next Superior in Limerick was Fr. William Ronan, who is known in the United States for his exertions in establishing the Apostolic School at Mungret [1] near Limerick, in which very arduous task he was greatly encouraged by Doctor Ryan's successor in the See of Limerick, Doctor George Butler. Doctor Butler died last year (1886) and has been succeeded by one of our first Limerick pupils, Doctor Edward O'Dwyer.

Our Galway house was opened about the same time as Limerick. Fr. Robert Haly was the first Superior, and his exertions had the chief part in building the Church of St. Ignatius in that interesting but not very prosperous town. With Galway should be linked the name of Fr. Michael Bellew, a man of singular holiness. His eldest brother, Sir Christopher Bellew, resigned his baronetcy and very high position in the world to become a very devout and humble member of the Society, dying on the 18th of March, 1867. Fr. Michael Bellew died on the 29th of October, 1868.

A sturdy man of the world, who may catch the reader's attention better if described as being the first Catholic Attorney General in England since the Reformation, was once greatly struck by hearing the 'English Province of the Society' spoken of. He was delighted with the idea of the world-wide Church looking down on haughty England as a mere province. To call Ireland a Province would not be judicious in a politician; but in the Society Ireland only rose to be a Province in the year 1860. Is it of the essence of a Province to have a novitiate and a foreign mission? The Irish novitiate was opened in that year at Milltown Park near Dublin, under the holy and learned Fr. Jones; but it had begun its great and most successful work as a House of Retreats in 1858 under Fr. Edmund O'Reilly, who deserves pre-eminently the same two epithets we have bestowed on Fr. Jones. Both these Fathers had been lent to the English Province as professors in St. Beuno's Col-

[1] Mungret College is also the Diocesan Seminary.

lege, North Wales, along with Fr. William Kelly. Fr. Jones's successors were Fr. Sturzo, Fr. Charles McKenna, Fr. William O'Farrell, and the present Master of Novices, Fr. John Colgan. On May 3rd, 1884, Feast of St. Joseph's Patronage, the novices were removed to Loyola House, Dromore, County Down, leaving Milltown Park to the scholastics who are studying philospohy. Very numerously attended retreats for priests and lay gentlemen are given through the whole course of the year at Milltown.

The foreign mission assigned to the Irish Province is so congenial a field for the zeal of Irish hearts that it requires some other name than foreign mission — which indeed is hardly a Jesuit word. The sons of St. Ignatius are at home everywhere, *in quavis mundi plaga*. A clever man, whose private sins blasted lately a political career of brilliant promise, called the United States of America 'Greater Britain.' They might well be called 'Greater Ireland'; and Australia also is for an Irish priest only Ireland transplanted. In July, 1865, Fr. Joseph Lentaigne and Fr. William Kelly left Dublin on their way to Melbourne. The wonderful progress made in twenty years; the many colleges and churches founded at Melbourne and Sydney and their suburbs, cannot be crushed into a paragraph. They have now thirty-three priests, several scholastics and lay brothers, and a novitiate. There is only one missioner of Ours in New Zealand—Fr. McEnroe at Invercargil. The Superiors of the Mission have been Fr. Joseph Dalton and Fr. Aloysius Sturzo.

St. Patrick's House of Residence of the Catholic University, Stephen's Green, Dublin, was committed by the Bishops to the care of the Society in 1873, the first Superior being the Rev. Thomas Keating, now working at Sydney. Under a new arrangement, the Catholic University College is conducted by our Fathers, Fr. Delany being Vice-Rector since the 21st December, 1881.

Though we omitted it at the proper place, we must not omit altogether to mention the visit of Father Roothaan, the first General of the Society that ever set foot on Irish soil—though St. Ignatius did the next best thing in sending us two of his first companions, Paschasius Brouet and Alphonsus Salmeron. ''Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good,' and the Italian Revolution wafted to our shores perhaps the greatest of the Generals since Claudius Aquaviva. He arrived in Dublin on the 19th of October, 1849, accompanied by Fr. Villefort of France and Fr. Cobb of the English Province. He delighted and impressed every one who came in contact. Of this we have a striking testimony in

the first volume of the *Irish Annual Miscellany* (afterwards called *Essays chiefly Theological*) by the Rev. Patrick Murray, D.D., first Professor of Theology in Maynooth College. He devotes a long paper to an account of 'Father Roothaan's Visit to Maynooth.' On his part the illustrious visitor carried away the best impressions of our little island. The crowds that thronged St. Francis Xavier's Church in Dublin, even on week days, and the immense number of confessions and communions delighted and edified him; and at Avignon he remarked that our Church at Marseilles was the only rival he knew for Gardiner Street, Dublin.[1] He wrote back to Ireland from the Continent: 'Multa ibi vidi et audivi quæ maximam mihi consolationem attulerunt.' It is but fair to give St. Stanislaus' College the direct credit of this testimony. And we take the opportunity of adding here to our brief account of Tullabeg given at an earlier stage of these notes that, besides its educational work, it has been always a focus of religious life through a wide district; a sort of goal of pilgrimage to penitents coming often from very considerable distances.

We have reluctantly put aside our intention of giving some details about certain of our Fathers *qui dormiunt in somno pacis;* for space would fail, and it is often better to leave one's self under the guilty consciousness of a duty undischarged than to make an utterly inadequate attempt at discharging it. The former course gives the duty a chance of being properly done hereafter.

One of the items in this *catalogue raisonné* of the Irish Province would have been Fr. John Ffrench, Lord Ffrench's brother, who was Assistant at Rome from 1858 till his death in 1873, May 31st. He was a man of singular holiness, humility, patience, and charity. Thirteen years later his grave had for some cause to be opened and his remains were found entire. One who had worked under him when he was Rector of St. Stanislaus' College, Tullabeg—Fr. John Cunningham—died in 1858, in his forty-second year, leaving behind him a reputation for sanctity more than ordinary. The country folk used to scrape away the clay of his grave, as is done to this day at St. Patrick's grave in Downpatrick. Fr. Cunningham's remains were afterwards taken up and buried in the College chapel.

And now a few words about the bibliography of the Irish Province. Some years ago a chapter on this subject would

[1] Large additions and improvements have just been made in the Residence of St. Francis Xavier by the present Superior, Fr. John Bannon, whose name is not forgotten in the United States by those whose recollections go back to the War.

resemble a chapter on the snakes of Ireland. Ireland has practically not quite recovered from the repressing influence of the Penal Code. A certain amount of leisure and affluence is needed for the cultivation of literature, both on the part of writers and of those for whom they write. It is only within the last thirty years that anything has been done in this department by the secular clergy of Ireland, and the tradition of the Society also resembled the description that we once heard a French Jesuit, Père Boudiet, give of the Church's policy: *Ecclesia semper loquitur, nunquam scribit.* Irish Catholics have trusted too much for their religious literature to London and latterly to New York.

Of late Irish Jesuits have grown less shy of the printing press.[1] Cardinal Newman in his celebrated 'Letter to the Duke of Norfolk' and Doctor Ward in the *Dublin Review*, quoted with high appreciation Fr. Edmund O'Reilly's essays on 'The Relations of the Church to Society.' Fr. O'Reilly after being educated at Clongowes, and then as an ecclesiastical student of great reputation at Rome, was elected professor of Theology at Maynooth College, where he left behind him a tradition of reverence for Jesuit Theology. When he had attained the position of chief Theological professor in that great College, he resigned his chair to become a novice of the Society. His influence within and without the Society was very great. Practically he was consulting theologian to half the clergy and nearly all the hierarchy of Ireland. His personal sanctity was of a very high degree and of a very amiable kind. When he died in November, 1878, in his sixty-seventh year, he was setting about the preparation of a separate edition of the theological articles we have named. This re-print has been widely and persistently asked for since his death, and must not be much further delayed.

The Irish Monthly has the credit of having forced Fr. O'Reilly to use his pen. That periodical began in 1873. Though completely the property of the Society, it has never depended or wished to depend upon Jesuit contributors exclusively. It is a good work to employ and amuse people innocently, either as writers or readers. However,

[1] We believe the only contemporary Irish item in the last edition of Père de Backer's *Ecrivains de la Compagnie de Jésus* is Fr. Robert Carbery's beautiful little treatise on the Devotion to the Sacred Heart. In the forthcoming edition the *Insula Sanctorum et Doctorum* is, we understand, to be more fully represented.

'Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis.'

Periodicals nowadays absorb what in other times would have developed into books. In this sense Fr. Peter Finlay, Fr. William Sutton, and Fr. William Hughes (now of Melbourne) have a right to be mentioned among the Irish writers of the Society of Jesus.

out of the twenty-three separate works in prose and verse which have been wholly or in part re-printed from the first fourteen annual volumes of *The Irish Monthly*, there are six which have a right to be named in this context as being written by Irish Jesuits. 'Cromwell in Ireland,' by Fr. Denis Murphy, is a work of solid merit and patient research, written in a calm historical spirit. This work and antiquarian papers contributed to *The Irish Monthly* and *The Irish Ecclesiastical Record* were no doubt instrumental in fixing recently the choice of the Bishops of Ireland on Fr. Murphy as Postulator in the cause of the beatification of the Irish martyrs.

Of a different sort is the second Jesuit work which, before entering on its substantive existence, ran through the pages of *The Irish Monthly*—namely 'The Chances of War' by Fr. Thomas Finlay. The author of this excellent historical romance of the time of Owen Roe O'Neill was at first disguised under the pseudonym of 'A. Whitelock.'

Fr. Edmund Hogan has sometimes been called the Irish Bollandist. His 'Hibernia Ignatiana' gives in Latin an account of the Society of Jesus from its first introduction. Only one large volume has as yet been published. He has also published a life of Fr. Henry Fitzsimon, S. J. and edited some of his writings. Let us hope that Fr. Hogan may have time to put in order for publication his voluminous stores of historical and antiquarian lore.

'Augustus Law, S. J., Notes in Remembrance,' is by Fr. Matthew Russell, S. J., who has from the first edited *The Irish Monthly*. He has also published three volumes of verse, of which the predominant themes are indicated by their respective titles—'Emmanuel,' 'Madonna,' and 'Erin.' Seven editions of 'Emmanuel' have been sold, and two of 'Madonna.'

Fr. David Gallery has published a very useful 'Handbook of Essentials in History and Literature.' We anticipate good results for religious literature from *The Australian Messenger of the Sacred Heart* which has just sprung into existence at Melbourne, under the editorship of Fr. Michael Watson, S. J.; for such undertakings often produce effects outside their own immediate objects. Finally, not to end with prophecy a paper which is essentially retrospective, the last name shall be that of Fr. Robert Kelly, founder of the Association of the Sacred Thirst, whose *Illustrated Monitor* was a spirited attempt to establish a cheap religious journal for the people. It did not survive his too early death, which took place on the 15th of June, 1876.

Such are the facts which we have thought it well to re-

cord concerning the Society of Jesus in Ireland in this nineteenth century. Our motives in drawing up this very simple sketch resemble those of the Cistercian monk who wrote the history of the monastery of Villars in Brabant, which is given in the third volume of Martène's *Thesaurus Novus Anecdotorum*. He begins thus :—

'Necessarium reor militaturis Deo in cœnobio Villariensi diligenter describere qualiter ordo ibidem viguit, quamque copiosa benedictione personæ domus hujus complectæ (?) fuerint, sicut seniorum nostrorum relatione didicimus, quatenus ii quos in sæculis superventuris divina gratia ad monasterium Villariense vocare dignabitur, si hanc parvitatis nostræ paginam legere dignum duxerint, considerantes quam nobili regum mammilla lactati sint, erubescant filii degeneres inveniri.'

If this account had to be written in Latin, and if in the foregoing paragraph *Provincia Hiberniæ* were substituted for *Monasterium Villariense*, with what more appropriate words could our sketch have begun? Let us end with them therefore.

CHAPLAINS FOR THE MEXICAN WAR—1846.

7. On the 22nd of September began the siege of Monterey which was taken by capitulation on the 24th, when the enemy evacuated and left it in our possession. During the siege Father Rey was very active in attending to the wounded soldiers even at the risk of life. Of his courage and charity the soldiers bear testimony in letters to their friends some of which have found their way to the public prints. He instructed and baptized at least three officers and no doubt a number of privates, besides administering to the Catholics the consolations of religion. From the time that the American army took possession of Monterey till January, Father Rey attended occasionally at Saltillo where a number of our troops were stationed, giving the Catholics of both cities an opportunity of approaching the Sacraments. On the 11th of January Father Rey wrote[1] to me that he understood by a letter from Fr. Provincial that I was to be recalled to the United States, and stated that he would leave Monterey on Monday the 18th for Matamoras, to see me before my departure. I had a letter from Father

[1] The letters of Frs. Rey and McElroy will be given in a following number.

Provincial informing me of my probable recall and asking me to advise him on its expediency. On the receipt of this letter I wrote to Father Rey answering his of December, in which he asks my opinion on the propriety of his visiting Victoria and Tampico where some of Ours are stationed. In my answer I did not allude to the probability of my recall as I knew I must receive from the Provincial another letter in answer to mine. Fr. Rey left Monterey on the day appointed and has not since been heard of. He never received my letter, which the post-master afterwards sent me from Monterey. I had reason to expect Fr. Rey about the 24th or 25th of January. Every succeeding day I looked anxiously for him until the 1st of March, when I wrote to Georgetown College the various reports of his having been murdered near Marine twenty-five miles distant from Monterey. I wrote many letters inquiring for our Father and for particulars of his death. The answers may be summed up in a few words: that he was met near Marine by a small party of Mexicans, who first shot his servant, his only companion, an Irishman named Mc Carthy; that the murderers were desirous of sparing Fr. Rey's life, as he exhibited sufficient evidence of being a priest, not only from his dress, but also from his having with him a breviary, oil stocks, a stole, etc.; that the assassins finally left the decision to a notorious character named Gonzales, the sacristan of the church at Marine, who decided that the priest too must be shot, otherwise he would report the murder of his servant. The people of the village hearing that a priest had been killed, went in search of his body, brought it into the village and had it decently interred. Soon after the town was set on fire by our volunteers and reduced to ashes. This account collected from various sources may be considered authentic, although no positive evidence of the murder can be had. General Taylor, who wrote to me on the subject, and the officers of the army generally, expressed their great sorrow for the melancholy end of the good Father. In the secret designs of Providence his blood watering the earth of this afflicted country, may draw down blessing upon the Mexican Church. His last prayer was no doubt: "Father forgive them for they know not what they do." Expiring thus in the practice of obedience and heroic charity, may we not hope that he is now numbered with our Society triumphant, enjoying the rewards of the religious virtues he practised in life.

8. On the 1st of March I wrote to Rev. Father Verhaegen, Provincial, informing him of the probable, almost certain death of Father Rey. In his answer dated April 12th,

he directed me to return to Georgetown College, so soon as I could make arrangements to that effect. Accordingly on May 1st, the Sunday after receiving the letter, I announced to the soldiers the exercises for obtaining the indulgence of the Jubilee published by Pius IX, and that my residence with them would be of short duration. I exhorted all to avail themselves of the opportunity thus presented of approaching the Holy Sacraments, and showed the great encouragement they had in the Plenary Indulgence to be obtained. Every day during that week I said Mass at 8 o'clock, gave an exhortation for one quarter of an hour and then read the prayers prescribed for the Jubilee; at 5 P. M. I attended in the church for confessions and some devotions. About thirty or forty soldiers assisted throughout the day. On Sunday, the 9th of May, I celebrated at 9 o'clock, preached for the last time and gave Communion to more than forty persons. On Monday, after having baptized two sick soldiers who could not survive many days, I took leave of my friends, and on the next morning at 7 o'clock was taken in a carriage provided by the Quarter-master, Captain Webb, to point Isabel, having spent in Matamoras ten months and five days.

9. Now that the mission is ended, a few reflections upon it may not be inappropriate. As may be seen from the letters copied in the pages of this memoir, the object of the President of the United States in our mission was altogether political. The haste with which it was decided to send us, and the opinion then prevalent that the war would last but a very short time, prevented Superiors from giving to our missionary duties such preparation as would make them more useful for the good of souls and creditable to religion. Both Fr. Rey and I were without experience or knowledge of military life. Time was required to enable us to make our labors profitable. As soon as this was attained we discovered that it was not difficult to find access to the hearts of the sick. Fr. Rey's opportunities were greater than mine for the confessional and instruction. Limited, however, as mine were, much was effected and, had I possessed in the beginning the experience now acquired, much more fruit would have been produced. Could the wants of the soldiers have been foreseen, four or five priests would have been necessary to administer to their spiritual welfare: two should have been with General Taylor's command, and two or three with General Scott's. Constant occupation would have been given to all, in the camp, on the battlefield and in the hospitals. Early in the campaign more than six hundred died at Comargo, many of them Catholics, without spiritual

assistance. At Point Isabel, Brazos Santiago, and along the river Rio Grande not less than one hundred deaths occurred, no priest being present to administer the consolations of religion. At Vera Cruz twelve hundred of our troops were in the hospitals with dysentery, besides the number wounded during the siege and the battle of Cerra Gordo, and none of these had a priest to assist them in their last moments. I am now fully convinced, though I was not at the beginning of our Mission, that our labors in these various departments had a happy effect on sectarian soldiers, and on the country generally. Not only time was necessary on our part, to learn how to treat successfully with the soldiers, both officers and privates, but also it is important for them to have an opportunity of learning somewhat of our religion, from our practice and from our labors. Thus I found that those who were shy in the commencement, became familiar and confident with us, in the end. I think that very few would depart this life either on the battlefield from their wounds, or in the hospital by disease, without accepting or calling for our ministry. It is in such functions, our religion becomes in their eyes, what it always was, a religion based upon charity, having for its divine author the God of charity. Such examples from the priesthood, dispel at once the calumnies so often reiterated against us and cause our Faith to be viewed in a different light; and in what more glorious cause can life be sacrificed than in such as I have described.

10. It is due to the officers of the army to say that they treated us on all occasions in the most courteous and respectful manner; those of the regular army particularly, were extremely assiduous on all occasions to accommodate and oblige us by many acts of kindness. I have never met with a more gentlemanly body of men in my life, than are the officers of our army; the more I cultivated their acquaintance the more I appreciated their characters; polite, affable and free from ostentation, they are an honor to their profession and deserve well of their country. We hope that several of them, as well as the rank and file, have been favorably impressed with our holy religion during our sojourn with them. The state of religion in Mexico as it fell under my notice, is most deplorable; I had intended to draw up a separate memoir on the subject, but refrained, as I have seen but little of the country personally: yet, from what I have learned from respectable sources, and from what I have seen, a tolerably correct idea may be formed of the whole; and my conclusion is that there is no country in the world more destitute of the labors of the sacred ministry than

Mexico; and I may add, in no country would a more abundant harvest be reaped, especially among the Indian race. All the good simple people want is a zealous, disinterested priesthood, in sufficient numbers. Thousands and thousands of souls would be saved by their ministry. May our Lord send to this harvest, ripe for the sickle, those workmen of apostolic spirit, who may be fit instruments in His hands for His greater glory and the salvation of their immortal souls.

JOHN MCELROY, S. J.

From a City Newspaper.

A CARD.

The undersigned being about to return to the United States, takes this opportunity of expressing his gratitude to the citizens of Matamoras, with whom he had the pleasure of an acquaintance, for their marked kindness and attention on all occasions, and this without regard to religious opinions. To the officers of the army he acknowledges continuous acts of courtesy during his sojourn with them, the recollection of which will be cherished by him through life, and will enable him to appreciate their noble deeds, accompanied by traits still more glorious — the humane, kind, and truly Christian treatment of their vanquished enemy, whether prisoners of war or wounded on the battlefield.

My fervent wishes and prayers, though absent from the army, shall be elicited for its members, and for a speedy and honorable peace.

JOHN MCELROY,
Chaplain U. S. Army.

Matamoras, May 11th, 1847.

'We are quite sure we express the sentiments of every citizen of Matamoras when we say it has sustained a loss in the departure from our midst of Father McElroy. He was ever ready to impart instruction or administer consolation to the afflicted. His was not that cold, austere piety that enshrouds itself in the cloak of bigotry and freezes into an iceberg those who have been taught a different mode of worship. He held no one to accountability for a difference of opinion; his heart pulsated only with devotion to his supreme Lord and master, and peace and good will to the human family. May his days be many and happy, and his descent to the grave easy and natural.'—*City Paper.*

MISSIONARY LABORS.

At the request of Rev. Fr. Provincial, I submit the following report of the work of the Missionary band during the last year. Giving first a condensed account of the times and places of missions, I shall enclose also the 'Fructus Spirituales,' and I may add a few remarks by way of explanation.

In the month of August, '86, missions were given in Newburg, N. Y., Burlington, Vt. and S. Bethlehem, Pa.; in September at Short Hills, N. J., Keene, N. H. and St. Patrick's, Jersey City; in October at St. Joseph's, Providence, St. Mary's, Dover, N. H., Bangor, Me., Manayunk, Pa. and at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Providence; in November at St. James', Boston; in December at Middletown, N. J., New Lebanon, N. Y., Dodgeville, R. I., Plainfield, N. J. and Seton Hall, N. J.; in January, '87, at Raleigh, N. C., Greensborough, N. C., in Charleston, S. C. at the Cathedral, St. Mary's and St. Patrick's, at Fernandina, Fla., in the Church of All Saints, N. Y. City, at St. Augustine, Fla., Mandarin, Fla., Tampa. Fla. and Arlington, Mass.; in February at Key West, Fla., Charlestown, Mass., Brockton, Mass., St. Mary's, Providence, St. Mary's, N. Y. City and at Barrytown and Tivoli, N. Y.; in March at St. F. Xavier's, Baltimore, Md., St. Joseph's, Philadelphia, St. Lawrence's, N. Y. City, Immaculate Conception, N. Y. City and St. Gabriel's, N. Y. City; in April at Danbury, Conn., Milton, Mass. and Crompton and River Point, N. H.; in May at Portsmouth, N. H., Pittsfield, Mass., New Milford, Conn., Hastings, N. Y., Dobb's Ferry, N. Y., Gallitzin, Pa. and Milford, Mass.; in June at Montclair, N. J., St, Paul's, Wilmington, Del. and Neponset, Mass. In all, 76 missions and 8 triduums, 91,091 particular confessions, 14,050 general confessions, 1001 exhortations, 980 sermons with 58 baptisms of adults.

The staff of the missionary band for 1886–87, under superiorship of Fr. McCarthy, included Frs. Langcake, Kavanagh, Ronald Mac Donald, Matthew McDonald and Himmel. I write out the names for the satisfaction of seeing them printed correctly. I am generally called Hammill or Himble, the two Frs. Mac Donald are invariably taken for brothers because of great likeness in names, the people sel-

dom noticing the difference, Mac and Mc. In Charleston, S. C., when we were giving three missions simultaneously, eloquence was predicated indiscriminately about any name that came handiest of the three who honor a similar sounding patronymic. Fr. Kavanagh is continually shocked by seeing his name written with a C. Fr. Langcake's name is suggestive, but only so in pronunciation. As a body, the people call us 'The Holy Commissioners'—'The Machinery Fathers' — perhaps, because we work so in unison; generally we are simply *the holy Fathers*, and so persistently called 'holy,' that, at least in my case, I am beginning to have some misgivings whether the modest opinion I have of my own sanctity be not extreme.

Our work day order is as follows: rise at 4.30; Mass and instruction from 5 to 6; confessions from 5 to 7; 7, breakfast; 9, instruction; 9 to 12, confessions; 12, dinner; 3 P. M. Way of the Cross; 3 to 6, confessions; 6, supper; 7.30, instruction, beads, sermon, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament; 7 to 10, confessions.

The children have special services, and each evening there is a class of catechism for converts, First communicants and those to be confirmed.

After each mission we have an interval of six days, though it not unfrequently happens that hardly as many hours intervene.

Most of the missions continue during two weeks, the first for the women, who spread the good news, the second for the men, who think it easier to make the mission than bear the brunt of the wife's attack. I do not mean to say the men are less willing, but there are always laggards. Woe to such who have wives conscious of their own rectitude, acquired perhaps at the mission. The missionaries' sermons are mild exhortations to what they have heard during the past week. Where the men have their own week, they attend better even than the women. Men seem to be timid in the church when women are present, and are easily crowded out. Once during the women's week there was found a man in the congregation, and his presence was the more aggravating as he was just in front of the pulpit. The women resented it, but he could not be made to leave. When Fr. McCarthy appeared in the pulpit a piously spiteful vindicatrix of exclusiveness stood up and, pointing with indignation to the culprit, cried out that all could hear: 'Father, here is a man in the church.' There was an ominous silence, all eyes were turned towards the unprotected male, and, but for the sanctity of the place, one might almost imagine the inverted thumbs, when Fr.

McCarthy in a moment of inspiration calmly said: 'Let women be silent in the church,' and immediately proceeded with the sermon. It was afterwards discovered that the man was as deaf as a post, and no amount of verbal persuasion could have induced him to budge.

It seems to be the prevailing impression amongst the clergy that supererogation is the pre-eminent and peculiar virtue of a missioner. Here are some of the few extras that fell to Fr. Kavanagh's lot last year: one lecture, two retreats, nine sermons in various places, on occasions such as Christmas, Good Friday, Easter, etc. Of course we all give the palm to Fr. Kavanagh as our most zealous and untiring worker, and I am glad to get this chance of doing justice to his merit; the more so that whilst I write this he is suffering his severest trial, being obliged to take complete rest because of a very dangerous illness, evidently brought on by overwork. If he be unable to be with us next year, we must mourn the loss of one of our most efficient men.

It is hardly possible to do justice to the zeal and fervor of the tertians who came to assist us during Lent. Coming fresh from the school of affections, polished to the finger tip and redolent with ascetical lore, their presence amongst us who were begrimed with the dust of many battles, was edifying in its contrast. The pleasure of having men enough to hear the confessions comfortably, was unique. Generally the crowds are so great, we look forward with considerable trepidation to the small hours of Saturday night, dreading numbers and knotty cases to try our tired heads. Often after missions, what with rising at 4.30, getting to bed late and sitting in the confessional all day, I am apt to dwell with no little complacency on the words: 'probasti me Domine et cognovisti me, tu cognovisti *sessionem* meam et *resurrectionem* meam.'

On the missions we are expected to heal all infirmity, both spiritual and physical. It is a common occurrence to have an old woman stop us at the most inopportune time and place, kneel, uncover the head and insist on an imposition of hands to cure what is called trouble-mindedness; or a bruise or boil is shown, with, 'put your hand there Father.' Sometimes the faith of the people is rewarded. At St. Gabriel's in N. Y. a woman with a palsied hand was cured almost instantaneously by the application of a medal of St. Benedict. At Pittsfield, a man suffering from sciatica, so that he hobbled about on crutches, haunted the sacristy through which I had to pass several times each day, stopping me and continually protesting I could cure him if I

wished. At last partly out of charity and partly for another reason not very praiseworthy, I blessed some water with a medal of St. Ignatius, a more than sufficient quantity to last till after the mission and told him to use a few drops each day till cured. His grateful satisfaction and evident belief that his hopes were about to be fulfilled caused me no little remorse. But judge of my surprise when, two days afterwards, he returned to thank me, perfectly cured, able to walk without crutches. It was noised about and I had to bless a great quantity of water. I heard uncertain rumors of several others that had gotten relief from it, but of one I am certain. A Protestant lady from N. Y., summering in the Berkshire Hills, called to see me the day after the mission and told me she had been suffering for a long time from a dangerous and disgusting sore on the head, one of her servants had given her some of the water and after a few applications she was so much better that she considered herself practically cured and her doctor, also a Protestant, declared the change miraculous. A few hours after seeing this lady, I boarded the train for Albany and was still dallying with a pleased sense of unusual success and consequent importance, when to my horror a very tipsy man claimed my acquaintance on the score of having been to confession to me, and began a boisterous monologue on the excellency of the mission and the particular good it had done him. I escaped as quickly as possible to the next car. But fate had decreed my humiliation, and flight was useless. I had hardly settled down before my friend appeared again and, seeing the crowd of passengers, was forthwith possessed by a demon of harangue: 'Ladies and gentlemen, here is a holy Father, if any of you are in mortal sin, now is your chance, etc.' The conductor appeared on the scene—I said: 'This drunken fellow is following me about the train tormenting me, I wish you would take him away.' My words seemed to have a sort of chemical effect on his whiskey, precipitating it into bile, and the excoriation that followed was magnificent—'You a missioner? God help the missioners! I don't believe you are a priest or you wouldn't slander your own kind, etc.' till the door closed between us and I was left to the unwelcome pity of my fellow passengers.

Where there are Catholic schools and sodalities the work of the mission is comparatively easy; because of the lack of these, the great want of the people is instruction; plain, straightforward, unadorned explanation of the Sacraments, commandments and duties of one's state of life. It is a cause of never ceasing wonder to me how willing the peo-

ple are and how anxious to learn about these things. They seem astonished at being able to understand every word said. Once in a very large parish, out of above a thousand people whom I personally interviewed on the subject, hardly a dozen had heard of such a thing as devotion to the Sacred Heart. Monthly Communion is as rare in some places as it is common in our own churches, and the prevailing impression is that it is wrong to go oftener than several times a year; and not on account of Jansenistic notions either.

As our trip south was something out of the ordinary, I shall give some points uppermost in my memory. We were south of the Mason and Dixon line but twice. A mission for the negroes in Baltimore was considered a great success, so much so, that Fr. MacDonald was invited a second time. His remarks about the race as Christians were pertinent but might look harsh in print. The other southern missions were in the Carolinas and Florida. Fr. Kavanagh went to North Carolina. In the whole diocese there are fewer Catholics than in some of the larger parishes of New York, and the people are poor. One of the priests had not money enough on hand to buy Fr. Kavanagh's ticket farther than the next town, whereupon he was obliged to 'crack' the Jubilee alms box to get away.

The others of the band sailed from N.Y. on the 28th of December for Savannah and sighted Tybee light at the mouth of the river, on New Year's eve. Made expectant by the glowing description of Georgia lowland scenery by Paul Hayne, I looked impatiently for the dark green and sombre foliage, the hurry of waters on the white low beach; I could hear, I imagined, the sighing of the wind through the long and dainty moss-beards and in a few hours fondly hoped to be magnetized into mute admiration at the magical effect of sunrise on the placid current of the Savannah — but — Eheu! fog, mud, marsh, a cold wind; dumped into a dirty and insignificant tug uncomfortably crowded and landed ingloriously. For a description of the city, see Mitchel's geography, first edition. Add a few electric lights, subtract about four-fifths of commerce and the remainder, faded beauty, will be correct.

We found Charleston in ruins and still unsafe and those who properly appreciated God's judgments felt it so. Man and the elements seem to have conspired against this proudest city of the South, to humiliate it. Terrible conflagrations, disastrous bombardments, hurricanes, earthquakes have visited the place in quick succession and during the intervals the negro population, which is in majority, rested upon the place—a black incubus—not the least of its numer-

ous evils. We expected to find the people eager for a mission because of the recent calamity. The negroes became intensely religious, the whites were greatly terrified, but it was not that fear which is the beginning of wisdom. Still our missions were very successful. There was little of the enthusiasm we generally find in northern missions. The people are very proper and hate scenes. At the close of the Cathedral mission when they were told to stand, raise the right hand and renew in common the baptismal vows, the local clergy were shocked, fearing the people would not respond, but they did; the bejeweled finger and the chivalrous right hand went bravely up amid the only expression of enthusiasm I noticed during the two weeks.

Hospitality and the delicate manner of tendering it, is the virtue of the South, and in Charleston is very near perfect; it was a revelation to the business-like minds of the northern visitors. After the mission the pillars of the church—pillars now, alas, without golden capitals—took us in a private yacht to visit the incunabula of the secession. A solitary sergeant in blue and brass is the only representative of the U. S. upon Sumter. It is chiefly remarkable now for the difficulty in landing. Fr. McCarthy performed the acrobatic feat of scaling the rickety wharf—about ten feet—by the help of a rope dangerously slender in this particular case, but he had the moral support of spectators and so shamed the others, all but one, to follow. The harbor is magnificent, and the natural port of the South, but the channel is filled in since the war; the wharves are rotting away and Sumter stands at the mouth of the bay; a fitting head-stone of its dead commerce. I was told the banking capital of Charleston before the war was thirteen millions, it is now less than three millions. The slaves represented one hundred and seventy four million dollars—the people have now that much more freedom thrust upon them, and the superfluity is growing rank for want of care. The soaring ambition of a negro is to possess a mule; and to drive a horse the acme of bliss.

Fr. Langcake's mission lasted one week, after which he went to Fernandina, Fla. The town narrowly escaped total destruction by fire during the mission there—it was a mere coincidence. Fr. McDonald left by steamer for N. York to assist Fr. Kavanagh at a mission. Frs. McCarthy, MacDonald and myself, at the invitation of Monsignor Quigly—a prince in generosity—and accompanied by Bishop Northrop, visited a part of Florida. At Jacksonville we saw oranges growing, for the first time. From here we sailed up the St. John's to Tocoi, thence by rail to St. Au-

gustine, a veritable *dolce far niente* town. The sun, though hot, seemed to shine languidly; those wintering here sit out of doors, bathed in delicious floods of it and give themselves up completely to the mere pleasure of existence. After the Cathedral, the old Spanish fort, San Marco, now called Fort Marion, is well worth a visit. It is built of huge blocks of coquina, a composition of sea shells, sand and cement. The walls are at least twenty feet high, surrounded by a moat. It required a century to complete it, and its size may be estimated from the fact that one hundred cannon and a thousand men were its garrison and complement. Some years ago, by a break in the wall, an underground cell was discovered which had been walled up. In it were found iron cages, fastened to the wall, containing skeletons of two men. The standard of Spain floated over St. Augustine till 1763, when England became its master. In 1783 it was given back in exchange for the Bahama Islands. In 1821 the United States got it. The English are blamed for the skeletons. The fort is now the home of the remnant of Geronimo's tribe. They have pitched their tents upon the battlements and their camp fires fill the casements with blinding smoke. The braves, picturesquely clad in the essentials of civilization, lounge and gamble and play — but mostly lounge — and look anything but sanguinary; the squaws sit in the smoke and dirt and seem occupied in persistently doing nothing; the children, clad in the latest Indian style, tumble about in the hot sun. The negroes visit here in crowds and seem fascinated by what appears to them an ideal existence—fed, clad and housed free and no work expected in return. The Cathedral has been so often described and poetized, that I refrain beyond mention. There were among other objects of interest to be seen, an immense hotel being built, to cost about two million dollars; the slave market, rattlesnakes in glass cases, which are poked into fury and made to rattle for the amusement or horror of the visitor according to the visitor's state of mind; orange groves; narrow, very narrow streets. From St. Augustine we went by rail to Pulatka, thence to Ocala, an orange centre, where we eat *very* poor oranges; then by team to Silver Springs, which is a wonder. The Indians gave Ponce de Leon enthusiastic accounts of the 'Fountain of Youth'—they probably meant this. The river or spring rises suddenly from the ground and after running about nine miles through foliage-shaded banks, more luxuriantly beautiful than the poet's wildest dream, empties into the Oclawaha. Transparent to the very bottom, in some places from sixty to eighty feet deep, refraction produces beautiful

effects, pebbles become ingots of silver, and the omnipresent tomato-can is glorified into a silver mug.

Here our party broke up; the Bishop and Monsignor returned home, I started for New York on Friday evening, arriving Sunday evening following—distance nine hundred and ninety-nine and two-tenths miles. Frs. McCarthy and MacDonald took the steamboat—it is called so by courtesy—at Silver Springs to go by the Oclawaha and St. John's River to St. Augustine to give a mission there. I got a vivid account of the trip from Fr. MacDonald. The river is crooked beyond comparison—zigzag would be a mild expression — the channel so narrow that the boat had to be *forced* through impassable places. Monstrous alligators disport in their native element. At nightfall a huge pine torch is lit at the bow to make the darkness visible. The negroes tune up the banjo and sing weird songs. As the boat pushes its way through the dense foliage, only a narrow streak of the starry firmament is visible, while on either side is the dark illimitable forest, with here and there the fitful sheen of reflected light far in the interior where the river stagnates among the trees. The weird fantastic drapery of the ever present moss hangs in graceful garlands from the tree tops. In front is a black impenetrable bank, where the river curves sharply. And so on for about one hundred miles. But to do justice to the scene I should fain paint the persuasive tones and parenthetic asseverations of the eye-witnesses. When Herodotus has a chapter particularly incredible, he always concludes with the words: 'Now these things happened thus' (I quote from Bohn's Edition).

During the mission at Key West, Fr. McCarthy was quite ill, and Fr. Mac Donald made such extraordinary efforts to keep well that he was more used up than Fr. McCarthy. They crossed over to Havana and there took steamer for New York. At Hatteras they had the full benefit of a severe storm, in which, but for the captain's prudence in refusing some extra freight, the missionary band would have lost at once its Superior and ornament. J. H.

Fructus spirituales ministerii PP. missionariorum Provinciæ Marylandiæ Neo-Eboracensis a 1ª die Julii 1886 ad 1ªm diem Julii 1887:

Bapt. infant. 19; Bapt. adult. 58; Confess. partic. 91,091; Confess. general. 14,050; Matrim. benedict. 10; Matrim. revalid. 51; Catecheses 401; Exhortationes 1001; Conciones 980; Parati ad 1ªm Commun. 777; Parati ad Confirm. 1489; Exercit. Presbyt. 1; Exercit. Religiosis 7; Missiones 76; Tridua 8; Visit. hosp. 6; Visit. carcer. 9.

LETTERS FROM A CHAPLAIN IN THE WAR OF 1861.

(*Third Letter.*)

SANTA ROSA ISLAND, GULF OF MEXICO,
July 10th, 1861.

VERY REV. AND DEAR FATHER TELLIER,
P. C.

Since my letter of the 24th of June, we have, without loss of life, been landed from the Vanderbilt, in defiance of the threatening array of forts, of redoubts, of water and sand batteries, manned by southerners with the evident intention of reducing stately but silent Fort Pickens, as they did gallant Fort Sumter, or of preventing the landing of re-enforcements. Under the circumstances, the disembarkation was certainly a daring exploit. For, under the very eyes and guns of the confederates who deemed the capture of Pickens all important to them, and already within their grasp, the United States Government, in open daylight, coolly and deliberately re-enforced the little beleaguered garrison unable any longer to defend itself. Even independently of the great danger reasonably to be apprehended from the enemy's guns commanding the stretch of water over which we had to row, or through which we had to wade in order to reach the island, the landing had to be effected in spite of natural obstacles apparently insurmountable. Perhaps the enemy relying on our inability to cope with these difficulties concluded not to waste their ammunition in performing a work which nature would do for them. During the disembarkation, the enemy could be seen, from time to time, manœuvering about their cannons, as if they were about to offer a very energetic protest against the re-enforcement of Pickens; but if they really had the intention of preventing the landing, they confined themselves to the assuming of a threatening attitude. Not a shot was fired by either side.

On nearer acquaintance with Santa Rosa, we find that it has many redeeming qualities. The impression the first sight of it produced on us, was truly dreadful. For, viewed from the deck of our transport, it is a most dreary place—a white, sandy, barren island, apparently three-fourths of a mile wide, and about six or seven miles long. Not a sign

of vegetation, civilization or cultivation visible—a scorched and scorching desert island! 'How are we to live on this burning shore?' was frequently asked by the soldiers as they gazed from the deck across the water, at their future home. 'Distance lends enchantment to the view,' was not in this case verified. Santa Rosa is not so dreary as it appeared to be. It is a sand bar thrown up on the south side by the stormy Gulf of Mexico; and on the north side by the Black Water River and Pensacola Bay. Its basis extends so far into the Gulf, that vessels like the Vanderbilt cannot approach nearer to it than two, and sometimes three, miles.

Owing to this great distance at which our transport is obliged to remain off from shore, the landing of the troops was accompanied by scenes comical beyond conception, and unpleasant to many beyond endurance. During leisure moments which I can call my own, I will try to describe our disembarkation.

Early in the morning of the 25th, every sailor and soldier, rank and file, was up and peering over the water to see the expected aid, which, in the 'orders' of the evening of the 24th, we were informed would be at hand at 8 o'clock A. M. We had not long to wait. At a given signal, a number of boats put off from the various men-of-war, some apparently for pleasure, others evidently for severe work, for they had in tow heavy, cumbrous launches. They all converged towards the Vanderbilt, alongside of which they were at the precise time indicated in the 'orders'.

A launch is a large boat carrying a swivel gun at the bow, and capable of easily holding one hundred armed men. They are used by the fleet to land men or munitions during bombardments or other engagements. Either because they are too clumsy, or because the hundred armed men whom they carry would interfere with the working of the oars, these launches are towed not rowed. In the present case, each launch was towed by two smaller boats each of which was rowed by twenty-two sailors, and commanded by a midshipman. At early dawn, Col. Wilson took the precaution of sending to the island for the purpose of superintending the landing of the men, and the organization of a camp, Mr. Clapp, a civil engineer in whom he placed unbounded confidence. His authority was absolute till the Col. could come ashore; and consequently the soldiers were under strict obligations to obey his every command. The men in complete marching order with drums and fifes, are mustered on deck by companies, ready to make the perilous passage to Santa Rosa. The work of boarding the launches was, however,

necessarily slow. For the enormous swells of the Gulf rose high up the side of the ship, bringing launches and boats to the very bulwarks of the transport; again, before more than three or four could step aboard, the swell gave way to an immense abyss which brought launches and boats apparently to the very keel of the vessel. A number of heavily armed men, carrying muskets and ammunition, haversacks and knapsacks, are waiting on the gangway to profit by the next rise of the launch. They join their comrades, and again all go down to the bottom.

Whilst this slow and dangerous movement was being effected, officers and men of the Vanderbilt were engaged in preparing to convey to shore the mules and their wagons and harness. Mule after mule with halters attached, was swung out into the boisterous waters, where a fleet of small boats with competent crews was waiting to receive them. As each mule reached the water, men stationed at the stern of a boat for the purpose, seized the halter, and kept the animal's head above the briny element. Two or three were then taken in charge by one boat's crew, and towed shorewards. The poor mules seemed to have lost the traditional qualities of their nature. They were as submissive and gentle as lambs. Towards eleven o'clock A. M., the first launch with her heavy load put off from the transport, amidst the deafening cheers of those yet secure on deck. 'Boys,' said one of them to us as they were moving off, 'this is an unusual way to go into battle. Pray for us.' Whilst the next boat is receiving its living freight, many of us while away our time, fishing for sharks, which show themselves in shoals around the ship. We caught many of them, but we were unable to haul even one on deck. They tore themselves loose from the hooks, when half way up the side of the vessel, and fell back into their element to take the next bait. But what is all this about? All rush to the starboard! A new and very alarming danger appears!! The tide is going out, and a strong current, which sweeps directly towards the hostile Fort McCrae, has struck our heavily laden launch, which has to be towed for a distance of two miles against this almost irresistible ocean torrent. The forty-four rowers are pulling at the oars, as only old trained sailors of the U. S. Navy can pull, but no progress is made! 'Will they be able to stem the powerful current' is asked in whispers by men on every side, 'or shall we be helpless witnesses of their being handed over to the enemy by the elements?' Signals again are rapidly exchanged between the men-of-war. A little gunboat, I think it is the 'Water-Witch', the lightest draught of the fleet, slips her anchor, and moves in after the

endangered boats. Now is going to begin a battle of which we are to be silent spectators. Captain Lefevre is signaled to move off out of range of the enemy's guns. Another signal from the flag-ship, and the 'Water-Witch' returns to her position in line. Are we going to sacrifice those brave soldiers and sailors? By no means! There! There they are, pulling for liberty if not for life! They are stemming the current with success; they are out of danger of being swept over to Fort McCrae whose parapet is thronged with anxious spectators. Why does the enemy allow this boat load of brave men to pass safely from under their cannons on towards Fort Pickens? There is nothing that we can see, except fear, to prevent the commandant of McCrae from throwing a shell into this thronged boat, and burying it and its contents beneath the stormy waves of the Gulf. He kindly allows them to struggle successfully against adverse currents which seemed determined to do what the confederates dared not do, and approach Santa Rosa as near as the depth of the water will permit the launches to come.

The poor jaded, hungry, hand-sore sailors at last rest on their oars. They have done their work nobly. 'Boys,' said the midshipman in command, addressing the soldiers, 'we have done our best; we cannot go farther.' Between the swells, the launch grounds. The poor Zouaves, in complete heavy marching order, carrying their muskets, their ammunition, their two days' rations and their knapsacks, look in silence towards the dry land from which a sheet of turbulent, boiling surf, three-fourths of a mile wide separates them. There was, however, no time for deliberation. The command to jump overboard and hold their muskets and powder over water, was given. In a twinkling the Captain and his men were in amongst the billowy swells, which, moving along in successive rolls towards the beach, completely inundated the struggling but cheerful Zouaves, who now abandoned all thoughts of keeping dry their arms and powder. Their progress through the breakers became a 'rough and tumble affair.' They shouted, they pushed and tripped one another; they were a thoughtless mob. On reaching shore, where they had many reasons to expect to meet the enemy, they found their arms and powder utterly useless, their two days' rations thoroughly saturated with salt water and, for the present, no means at hand to procure a new supply. In this condition the soldiers are ordered to fall into line, scout that part of the island in search of any enemies who might be lurking behind the sand hills, and select a spot on which to bivouac for the night. This manner of landing was, with some varying incidents, repeated for every launch. When

night closed in, we found we had disembarked but three hundred men; I do not know how many mules were landed. From deck we can, with the aid of our field glasses, see the poor animals racing over the island without stint or hinderance; a freedom which very probably they have taken after passing through the breakers. 'How are they to be captured, with the means at our disposal?' is a question proposed by many.

The 'boys' are very much subdued; the sights they have witnessed to-day, have had a wonderful effect on the men yet nicely quartered on board. All are anxious to go to confession. I am, of course, at the poor fellows' command. We continue our spiritual work, with amusing interruptions, till far into the night.

June 26th. Early this morning the work of disembarkation was resumed with renewed vigor and with the advantage of yesterday's experience. At dawn, Col. Wilson went ashore in a pinnace, and was horrified at the condition of his men, who, in addition to their privations were all night in constant fear of being attacked without possessing any means of defence. They imagined too that the mules, of whose liberty they were unaware, were southern cavalry scouring the island in quest of booty; for these poor animals, from fright or on account of their long confinement on the steamer, continued their mad course hither and thither in a drove, over the sand hills all night. But this was not the worst. The very man whom he had entrusted with the arrangements for the reception and accommodation of the troops on landing he found completely insane. This unfortunate man, of great experience in camp life and accustomed to the climate and its wants, was sent ashore, as I said above, to provide all possible comforts for the men. Here now the Col. found his men under the orders of a madman who gave his orders whilst flourishing a broadaxe in the faces of the poor soldiers who had been told on leaving the ship to obey him in everything. He has since, thank God, partially recovered. His inability to meet the wants of the men, whom he saw deprived of every thing, is said to have caused this melancholy affair.

The work of landing the troops continued as yesterday, with the exception of the increasing uproar among the breakers. For the men landed from the first boat came all out into the water to meet the arriving launch, at the point where rank and file had to take to the water and, with their baggage, reach the shore the best they could. A constant repetition of their fun in upsetting and immersing the new arrivals took place at the disembarkation of every launch-full.

An English man-of-war created some little excitement to-day by appearing in the offing, and signaling to the fleet. The flag-ship gave rapid signals in return and all was again quiet. The interpretation, I am told, is: The Englishman asked whether there would be any objection to his going up to the city of Pensacola, and looking after any of Her Majesty's subjects who might need his assistance. The answer was, I am informed: 'There is every objection; keep outside the line of the fleet.' The Englishman kept on the outside and neither gave nor received a salute. Col. Wilson remained on shore all day and procured from the fort some provisions for his Zouaves. At night he, like them, slept on the sandy beach, thus sharing in their privations and fatigues.

June 27th. The disembarkation of the troops is earnestly resumed this morning. Both sailors and soldiers are more than anxious to have the work completed to-day. Col. Wilson returned to the vessel about 10 o'clock A. M., ordered off a fresh supply of provisions for those on shore, and told me not to think of leaving the vessel for at least a week. 'Before that time,' he said, 'there could be no accommodations.' 'At present,' he continued, 'we have no other couch than the sand, no other covering than the canopy of heaven.' On my representing to him that my services might be required on the island, as there was danger of sunstroke, accidents, etc., he said: 'Well, that is so,' and told me to go on shore and take my chances. Capt. Lefevre kindly offered me his own gig manned by his own men. This little boat could approach the shore much nearer than a man-of-war's pinnace could.

Immediately after dinner, the boat with six good men was at my disposal. Capt. Lefevre in bidding me good-bye, whispered to me: 'If all is not to your liking on shore, send me word by one of the launches, and my boat will bring you an invitation to come on board, where you can remain three or four months; it will require, at least, that time to unload the Vanderbilt. Make my ship your home whilst I am here.' This was surely kindness on the part of the big-hearted mariner.

As I looked down the side of the monster vessel, and beheld the tiny boat now sink apparently beneath the ship, now brought up by the returning swell almost to the bulwarks, I became somewhat alarmed, and asked whether the gig could withstand those terrific waves. 'No cause for alarm, no danger at all,' replied the Captain, 'these swells are long and regular.' My 'chapel' was safely lowered into the dauntless little craft, and I took a position from which I

could easily step into the boat when next it rose to my level. Up, up it climbs. 'Now, Father!' said the Captain. In I stepped, and down, down, we descended. Up again, and we pushed off from the now silent transport. 'Poor fellow,' said Capt. Lefevre, as we bade him good-bye, 'you have no idea of the hardships and privations that await you!' The Steward, Mr. McHenry, cried out: 'Father, the Captain says I may go ashore to-morrow to see how you are situated.' Three hearty cheers by the crew, and three lusty blasts by the Vanderbilt's whistle were given us as we started on our course towards Santa Rosa. We soon discovered that we had around us a throng of boats engaged in floating the mules ashore, many of which are yet on board. At 5 o'clock P. M. we were as near Santa Rosa as the breakers would allow our little boat to approach. The Zouaves, who are now all ashore, lined the beach and filled the water out as far as the point where the launches halted. They were endeavoring to float the provisions and baggage from the launches to the shore. In what a condition the sugar, flour, etc. must be, thus floated through the breakers to dry land! The majority of these poor fellows working all day in the water, had only their drawers on them. Their work was evidently great sport. They were wild.

Noticing my arrival, these good hearted 'boys' made an impetuous rush towards us. They might be compared to a school of whales or porpoises. In their eagerness to have the honor of carrying the 'Father's things', they flocked around me, like so many monsters of the deep after their prey. It required all my stern authority to prevent them in their zeal to oblige me, from upsetting the boat, and dashing me and my *chapel* into the waves. I told them that I had with me the altar and chalice, etc., and that if these were spoiled, we could have no Mass during the war. 'Don't you see,' said one of them, 'you are bothering the Father? Give him a chance to tell us what he wants done.' 'Bad 'cess to your awkward hands,' said another, 'if it wasn't for the Father's care, you would have destroyed the Catholic church he has in his trunk and then what would become of us?' 'Let us lift boat, church, Father and all, out of the water, and land them nicely on the sand,' said a third. During this dispute, the men waist deep in water, contributed rather to engulf than steady the boat in those fearful swells. Finally, I had them to haul the gig a little nearer shore, when I gave my little trunk containing vestments, etc., to the tallest of those around me, and told him I held him responsible for its safe arrival on shore. Two strong men steadied the bearer of the 'Catholic church' and prevented him from

being taken off his feet by the heavy in-coming swells. The crowd is still about me. They want to bear me on their shoulders to the beach.—No use resisting—I was seized by brawny arms, lifted high out of the boat and brought off in triumph to the shore, amidst deafening cheers. From boat to boat the joyous shout passed over the water till it reached the fleet, who supposing a secessionist had been captured, took up the hurrah and made the very Gulf re-echo the cry of exultation. Soldiers who were carrying provisions, etc., from the beach into the interior of the island, among the sand hills, hearing the outcry, imagined the enemy had begun the attack, and rushed to the beach carrying their useless muskets, to give their comrades all the aid they could. On seeing me, another idea arose in their minds: 'They are laughing at the Father.—Who insulted you, Father?' roared several together of these wild but good natured Zouaves. They would not listen to any explanation. 'You want to put us off,' they exclaimed. 'We know the Priests; you won't tell for peace sake.' Finally, the affair was understood, and another cheer went up from the vigorous lungs of the New York soldier boys. 'Father,' said they to me, 'after three days' hardship, fatigue, danger and fun, we are all safely landed from the Vanderbilt; you are the last.' Though neither any life was sacrificed, nor any article of private property was lost, yet, owing to the great strip of rough surf through which all had to wade and baggage had to be hauled, I doubt whether it can truthfully be said, that the landing was safely effected. Owing to the intense heat, no apprehension is entertained of any serious consequences arising from the long continuance of the men in the water, from lack of proper food and of change of clothing.

Now the crowd was ready to accompany me to my quarters. But what a road we have to travel! A succession of elevations and depressions of white, fine sand, as dry as powder, into which we sank ankle deep every step, was the road and the soil of our island. Indeed I looked about me in vain for a blade of grass, a sign of vegetation, or even a stone. Sand, sand, sand, an ocean of sand! 'It is not all as bad as this,' said a Zouave to me. 'Four or five miles down the island, are lakes and trees, but guarded by enormous alligators. The whole island is alive with venomous reptiles.' After a quarter of an hour's walk over this yielding, scorching sand, we reached regimental head-quarters. 'You are welcome, Father, to the best we have,' said the Col., who had returned to the island early in the day. Truly I received all the attention that could be paid me, that is, I

was allowed to share in the present misery of camp life. I shall not horrify anyone by a recital of the life the Col., his staff, his officers and his men were obliged to lead for the first days on Santa Rosa. Camp was immediately put on a war footing, sentries were stationed at their posts, tattoo was beaten, pickets and videttes were thrown forward, taps were sounded, lights extinguished and silence was enforced. Not simply military, but warlike discipline is henceforth to be rigidly exacted. A terrific thunder storm began in the afternoon and continued far into the night.

June 28th. I cannot say we rose early. There is no more rising, for there is no more going to bed. No chairs, or beds, or houses for us any more! Nor was there any sleeping. The musquitoes, and their manifold kindred species, kept up all night long such a vigorous, well sustained attack on us, that there was no possibility of sleeping—many, however, had their *eyes closed* by the venomous stings of these *maringouins* which seem to have taken sides with the confederates. The mules too, still roving over the island, repeatedly came galloping up to the edge of the camp, and thus kept us in constant fear of being trampled to death by this now apparently savage horde. Nevertheless, *reveille* was beaten, the friendly sun arose, roll was called, and all was stir and commotion as yesterday.

After a little breakfast—a hard brown sea-biscuit and a tin cup of coffee without milk — those of the Zouaves not engaged in camp duty, were ordered to aid in unloading the Vanderbilt. My parish was scattered; I had nothing special to do. After reciting the 'Little Hours,' I concluded to explore the neighborhood, visit the fort, and find out the reason why the little garrison whom we have come to relieve, has thus far shown no signs of joy at our arrival, or offered us no human comforts. Here are two 'company cooks,' bringing between them a large tub of water. 'Boys,' said I eagerly, 'where is the spring?' 'There is no spring here—there is no drinkable water on the island. This is water saved a year ago, during the last rainy season. It is kept in tanks or cisterns in the fort. They measured it out to us so much per man according to the roll. If we come short, we shall have to do without it till this time to-morrow. We shall have to be very sparing. The officer in the fort told us to inform the Col. that there is but very little remaining in the cisterns, and that if the rainy season does not soon come to our relief, we shall be in great straits for a drink of water.' This is startling news. So much depending on a glass of the transparent fluid, and yet so often despised!

Immersed in the Gulf, and yet exposed to die or surrender for the want of a cup of water! God's will be done.

Our present camp—if it can be called a camp—is five-eighths of a mile east of Pickens. From this position we have a splendid view of the Gulf of Mexico; of the fleet with tenders and transports; of Pensacola Bay in possession of the confederates; of the enemy's forts and batteries; of the little towns of Warrington and Woolsey; of Live Oak Point and the encampments stretching along the shores of the bay. Of course the southern forces occupying these various points see and recognize our camp and no doubt have their cannons already pointed at us, to send us hasty messengers when the battle will begin. A couple of small steamers and three schooners armed according to their size and strength, constitute the southern fleet plying about the bay, whose entrance they are supposed to be guarding; or as others suppose, they are waiting for an opportunity to pass through the fleet out to sea, and prey upon our commerce. 'Why don't they prey upon us?' is a question continually asked. Their hope of escaping out to sea, is certainly vain. There is no need of guarding the entrance against the fleet. Flag Officer McKean has not a single vessel with him of sufficiently light draught to be able to enter the bay. With the little fleet he has, Gen. Bragg, said to be in command of the defences of Pensacola, could sweep us into the Gulf. Even an occasional shot would drive us all into Fort Pickens, and perhaps oblige us to take refuge on the vessels. It is mysterious that he does not at least make the attempt. Some attribute his conduct to his love of the old flag, which he does not wish to see hauled down.

Late in the forenoon I entered Fort Pickens which I found vast, cold and lonesome. It seemed to be deserted. At the sally-port was a sentry who saluted my 'shoulder straps.' Informed that I was the Priest accompanying the volunteers, the poor sentry gave me another salute, and said: 'Father, you are just in time. Some of our poor fellows are at the point of death — two died yesterday without the Priest.' Hurrying to the little hospital, I ascertained the reason why the regulars in the fort did not come to offer us the right hand of friendship. The beleaguered garrison of Fort Pickens are the remnants of Lieut. Slemmer's heroic band, whom he brought over here from Barrancas at the breaking out of the rebellion, and the ever-to-be-honored dragoons who, though abandoned by Gen. Twiggs,[1] made their way

[1] Gen. Twiggs was in command of the U. S. forces in Texas at the out-break of the civil war. He surrendered his entire command and all the military posts and munitions of war to the state authorities, and entered the confederate service.—Ed. W. L.

through forests and swamps to the Union lines, where they arrived sick and foot sore. All these poor fellows faithful to their oaths, are Irish Catholics. They are now, from excessive work, from exposure, from want of proper food and proper medical attendance, beyond the hope of recovery. By the superhuman efforts they had to make, the almost incredible privations they had to endure, in order to hold Fort Pickens for the United States, these poor fellows are now reduced to the last extremity. Those in bed are dying; those up and trying to mount guard, are walking skeletons; of course I attended to the noble soldiers, martyrs to the sanctity of their oaths.

How great God's mercy is! He sends these dying soldiers, deprived of almost every earthly comfort, a Priest when they least expected and most needed one. It was truly a moving sight to see these weather-beaten soldiers, some of whom had spent more than fifteen years of continual service in wild Texas, and wilder Indian country, shed tears of gratitude for the great boon the Lord had conferred upon them in their dire necessity. During these many years of continued service, far removed from civilization and its aids, from religion and its support, these noble fellows never forgot the teachings of their faith. In the midst of their wild, half-Indian kind of life, they practised their devotion to the Mother of God. To her now, they like to return thanks for having sent them a Priest. In their manifold and severe contests with the brave and wily Indians of the plains, they invoked her aid and never failed to receive it. They tell me all the means they took, all the dangers they underwent, the distances they traveled, in order to procure a Priest for a dying comrade. They would engage friendly Indian scouts and runners to hunt up a Missionary amongst the tribes, who might bring the consolations of religion to a dangerously wounded or sick companion. And in this work of charity, they say that they were greatly seconded by the officers of the army, who, when the Priest did come, entertained him royally, according to the means at their disposal. God now, they say, when they least expect it, 'scours the country, and brings in a Priest for them.' They asked me to give them beads, medals, *agnus deis*, etc. and to see that these objects of devotion are buried with them. My supply of such articles is nearly exhausted. Please send more at your earliest convenience. Even Protestant officers and men ask me for 'those little charms which you give to the Catholics.' I explain to them the nature of this devotion, and they wear them devoutly and openly.

Having done all I could for the sick, I called on Col.

Harvey Brown, Commandant of the fort and of the 'Department of Florida,' and explained to him why I visited the hospital before paying my respects to him, and informing him by what authority I was with the troops. He received me kindly, and was pleased that I saw the propriety of presenting myself at head-quarters before undertaking any work. 'The officers of your regiment have not yet been to see me,' he said. He is very tall, about six feet three inches, straight and thin. He is over sixty years old. He is a great stickler for military etiquette. He is a rigid disciplinarian of the old school. He is, he told me, a religious man, a member of the Methodist communion. He has always assembled his command on Sundays and read to them a portion of the Bible. He neither smokes nor drinks. 'I have till now read the burial service over the dead; if hereafter they express a wish that you should perform this office, you are free to attend to it,' said the venerable commandant to me as I was taking my leave. Col. Brown told me the island is forty-seven miles long, and averages three-fourths of a mile in width. Some miles below us, he says, there is a marine camp for the use of the fleet. Quite near us is encamped Captain Barry's light artillery and officers, another remnant of Twiggs' troops. The island, he said, is grossly calumniated. It is a pleasant place for troops. Lakes, trees, aromatic shrubs, flowers, birds and animals are abundant, down towards the eastern extremity; alligators and very venomous snakes are to be found here. The only trouble, he said, is want of drinkable water. The rainy season would be here in a few days, so that the regiment must provide some means of storing up sufficient water for a year. These heavy thunder-storms we have every evening indicate the near approach of the rain.

Returning to camp, I found all at dinner. But such a dinner! Salt pork and 'hard tack'—nothing to drink—not even rain-water! The cooks have spilled or wasted or used up the supply so sparingly dealt out to them this morning. Col. Wilson's indignation and determination are aroused. Calling his men around him, with fire glistening in his eyes, he thus addressed them: 'Boys, we are not going to live on the hope of rain which may never come. I will not send you to mount guard, or to help unload the Vanderbilt, if I cannot give you at least the means of quenching your thirst. Let us be in peace or war, you, instead of keeping guard and unloading the stores, go hunt up drinkable water on this island. If you find it, I promise to mix something lively with it. If you don't find any, it is useless for you to come

back. I have not a drink to give you. I may be shot or hung for daring to disregard army regulations in this bold manner, and for presuming to release you from duty as sentinels in camp, and toilers in the surf, in order to find water. I'll cut the *red tape* here and now, let the consequences be what they may. The first to bring back the news of a successful search shall be entitled to many exemptions, and shall receive a flowing bumper of the purest rye.' In a twinkle the camp was deserted; the men, eager to discover so necessary a beverage, ran hither and thither, rooting, scooping, and poking in the sand in search of the refreshing fluid. 'If the search be a failure,' said the Col., 'I shall surely be shot, if successful I dare them to put me under arrest. Amongst these barrels of pork, the quarter-master tells me, there is a barrel of whiskey for the boys.' Here is one working his way over the sand hills, shaking his canteen over his head. 'Water! water!' said the exhausted messenger, 'where's my whiskey?' 'Let us first try the water,' remarked the Col. There it was! a little reddish; but good, soft water. Presently several others arrived bringing specimens of their finds varying in density of the red tint, but evidently good. The rye barrel was soon rolled out from his now despised fellows, to the utter astonishment of the boys who began to think that many more such treasures were to be found amongst the pork barrels. Fearing ugly consequences from the big cupful the Col. poured out for Thomas McGrath, the first to bring the news, I offered to weaken the fire a little. 'Oh no! Father; don't wet the darling; I take it always dry,' said my brave discoverer. All received their share of the rye according to promise. The fort was told to keep its cisterns locked, and three hearty cheers were given for Col. Wilson. Some of the men were sent to aid in discharging the cargo, and others to mount guard.

'If I had followed the army regulations in this matter, we should have never found the water,' said Col. Wilson to me after the re-establishment of order in camp. 'The usual way would be—I should make application to the Commander of the Department, he would call his council, examine the propriety of doing such a thing, select an officer who would have charge of the search, then assign to him eight or ten men armed with various mining implements. This officer with his ten men would move around, examine; one dig, nine look on—no water; repeat the same manœuvre again and again; return to the fort and write a long report to show that no water is to be found.'

Late in the afternoon there was another repetition of the

signs of the coming rainy season. Since the 25th of June, the weather is bright and clear every forenoon. In the afternoon clouds gather thick and threatening. Towards evening begins a fearful thunder-storm, which lasts far into the night. Not a drop of rain, however, falls.

This evening the boys and officers congregated on the northern side of the island, eyeing wistfully the comforts enjoyed by the enemy on the opposite side of the bay. 'Father,' said one to me, 'there must be excellent water over there; look at the magnificent shady trees.' We have learned to value this beverage, so often not appreciated. They cast their eager gaze at the real or imaginary happiness of the civil or military inhabitants of Pensacola and its neighborhood, and wish it were theirs. 'This is a scorching place,' they say, 'but it leads to the land of milk and honey.' They console themselves in their present privations with the hope of a speedy engagement, which shall deliver to them the joys so much coveted. Marines and sailors of the fleet came ashore in considerable numbers in the evening, to go to confession. There is no tent; we were obliged to settle accounts on a little sand knoll.

June 29th. We have passed through a terrible night of conflict with musquitoes, sand flies, etc., etc. This morning, however, is charming beyond description. Sea air all around our camp; beautiful, clear sky; heat of the sun tempered by the breeze from the mainland across the bay; the Gulf as smooth as a mirror; the proud, defying and threatening men-of-war; the great number of sailing vessels in the distance, probably laden with stores for Pickens, which is to become a grand depot for army and navy operations in these parts, and waiting for wind to come nearer; these are surely views worthy of being appreciated. Camp routine, prayers, etc. are over, and breakfast, not perhaps as dainty as some of us could wish, is ready, with abundance of water such as it is.

After my little devotions, I paid a flying visit to Captain Barry, U. S. A., stationed a short distance east of us. Capt. Barry, with the portion of light battery under his command, is another remnant of Gen. Twiggs' deserted but faithful soldiers. This little band with a portion of company E, 8th. U. S. Infantry, was sent here to aid Lieut. Slemmer. Like Slemmer's men, they are at present unfit for duty. Captain Barry and his two Lieutenants, Tidball and Webb, received me as they would an old and dear friend. They said they are to go north in a few days, and cautioned me against the rainy season at hand. 'You can have no idea of the ferocity of wind and rain during this season,' said he. 'What will your men do without tents or any protection against such

storms?' Pointing out to me vast ruins lying around near his camp, he said: 'This is what is called Spanish Fort, erected by the Spaniards during their occupation of Florida. It will repay you for a slight investigation. Those bricks, all brought from Europe, are as sound to-day, as they were when put into the walls. The cement holds dozens of them together, so firmly, that they cannot be separated. Many curious implements have been discovered. A visit to the venerable remains will not be time lost.' Returning to camp I came across two large snakes. On my arrival at quarters, I found the boys in a state of great excitement. A Zouave had killed an alligator and had been arrested and ordered inside the fort. The innocent soldier was on guard when he saw the alligator. Contrary to all regulations, the Zouave left his post, and gave chase to the alligator which he overtook and plunged his bayonet through the brute. Now came a tussle, the animal trying to reach his antagonist or to break away from his assailant; the Zouave to kill him or hold him till assistance could arrive. The crowd, running to the aid of their endangered comrade, frightened or enraged the amphibious monster to such a degree that, making a desperate effort, he flung the soldier off, and made away with the gun and bayonet. He did not go far—the bayonet must have pierced some vital part—he expired after a little struggle. Now the poor innocent Zouave's turn comes. He had left his post without authority; he employed his honorable weapon, given to him by Uncle Sam to defend his country, in the ignoble use of killing an alligator; and finally he allowed himself to be disarmed—three serious faults for which Col. Harvey Brown, strict disciplinarian, orders him into the fort under arrest. 'Father, they are going to shoot him to-night—go see him—hear his confession . . . .,' were some of the many exclamations addressed to me as soon as I appeared on the scene. Of course he was excused for his ignorance of duty, and released with a reprimand. How he escaped the jaws of the ferocious brute is a wonder to all.

It being Saturday, we had to see what preparations could be made for the worthy celebration of Mass next day. There was nothing that could be done. Not a tent, not a box, not a chair or table in our camp!

In the afternoon a prolonged and fierce thunder storm; not a drop of rain. Will the threatening deluge come to-morrow, and prevent us from offering the Holy Sacrifice?

June 30th. Sunday. Delightful morning; no sign of a storm. A request came from the fleet to delay Mass till men and officers who wished to attend church could come ashore. In the meantime our boys are polishing their shoes,

and burnishing their buckles and buttons. But where is the church? I had a couple of men roll out a salt-pork barrel and turn it on its end. That was my altar. The heavens above, the island beneath, and the salt water all around, was my church. The marines and sailors arrayed in their gayest, accompanied by some officers, arrived in due time. The men are all ready; it is 12 o'clock. The full drum corps beats the '*church-bell*.' A man on each side of the *altar* holds a lantern with lighted candle. What an imposing sight presented to the Angels, this first Sunday after our landing! I was going to say, how unworthy of the Author of the Sacrifice! As I was putting on the vestments, a boatswain came up to me, and whispered that the sailors had organized a choir to sing some hymns and the Litany of our Blessed Mother, if I had no objections. These good fellows enlivened the solemn Sacrifice to the great satisfaction of all. The sun poured down on us his strongest rays. I tried to preach, but I was so exhausted that I had but little nerve. No sleep Saturday night, poor supper, long fast, and the great heat had deprived me of lung-power. 'Father,' said a navy officer to me after Mass, 'this is a memorable day. The first time the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass has been offered on this island. We had no shady forests in the background, but we have the ocean spread out at our feet.' I folded up every thing carefully and replaced all in my little trunk, had the barrel rolled back to its place, and all signs of our church had disappeared. Hard tack and coffee were acceptable. The members of the fleet returned to their ships, and quiet prevailed on the island. It was feared that Bragg would disturb our devotions, but he remained peaceful. In the afternoon and evening the usual warnings of the approaching rain were given emphatically.

July 1st. Monday. All hands ordered to unload the Vanderbilt which has tents for us, but they cannot be reached before some days.

July 2nd. This morning about daylight, rousing and prolonged cheers announced the successful issue of a daring exploit. Yesterday evening a magnificent yacht sailed proudly down the bay from Pensacola, and daringly anchored near the navy yard, in front of our batteries. It fearlessly floated at its mast head a secession flag, which produced on our men the effect which a red cloth is said to produce on the leader of the bovine herd. Some of the younger Zouaves immediately conceived the idea of swimming over to the jaunty sailor under cover of night, and carrying her off ('cutting her out,' they call the operation) flag and all. From this they were deterred by the evident danger to which they

would expose themselves of being devoured by the sharks. Doctor Lynch, assistant surgeon, was however, determined to risk his honor and his life, for the glory of capturing yacht and flag. Leaving the island early in the night, without the authority, without even the knowledge of the commander of the Department, the patriotic doctor, heedless of the danger to be apprehended from the many sharks in the bay, or from the guard who might be on board, undressed and boldly started to swim to the defiant visitor. After a long and exhausting plough through the waters, he safely reached the side of the silent craft; and though totally unarmed, aye, in a state of complete nudity, unhesitatingly boarded the little vessel gaily riding at anchor. To his unutterable astonishment nobody challenged him, nobody offered any resistance to his hostile invasion of a southern 'deck.' Whilst awaking to the perilous situation in which his foolhardiness had placed him, and to the serious consequences, in a military point of view, of having without orders made so daring a venture, the flag-ship Niagara's men who had formed the same resolution as the doctor, and who had started in an armed boat to rescue the same prize, arrived noiselessly with muffled oars alongside the little stranger. The sailors, armed to the teeth in expectation of stout resistance, sprang on board with pistols cocked and swords drawn. Imagine the paralizing astonishment of the poor tars at finding a naked man holding solitary possession of the boat! 'Are you a devil, or the spirit of some murdered shipmate?' they asked. The thoughtless doctor, taken completely by surprise, concluded that the new-comers were the men belonging to the yacht, and humbly surrendered himself to the crew of the Niagara's boat, who, thinking they had caught, if not a ghost or devil, surely a live secessionist, triumphantly started homewards with their fascinating prize and mysterious prisoner. On their way back with the yacht in tow, Lynch discovered who his captors were. He lost the glory of his capture by his surrender. As the boat approached to land the prisoner, we gave the doctor, marines and sailors, rousing cheers, together with what they call a 'New York tiger.' This hurrah was the first intimation the Southerners had of the loss they had sustained.

In the evening I had a romantic *sick call*. About 10 P. M. word was passed to headquarters, that there was a stranger at post No. 18, requesting the Father to visit a dying man. The officer of the guard could give no information more definite than this. The Col. said I might go, and one of the surgeons kindly offered to accompany me. On arriving at the post indicated, we found, to our surprise, that

the stranger wore the uniform of a sailor of a United States man-of-war. He informed us that he belonged to the marine camp stationed some six miles east of us, and that he had, in fun, pointed at one of his comrades, a pistol in which he was sure there was no charge, and on which there was no cap, when, lo! the devil jumped into the pistol, and mortally wounded his brother sailor! The wounded man called for a Priest, and he did not know where to find one if there was not one with us. After following our guide some distance, the doctor startled me by whispering: 'Is not this a bold trick of Gen. Bragg to capture two officers so useful to the men as we are?' We walked as fast as the loose sand permitted. The messenger told us the tide was going out, and that if we moved down nearer the water, we could proceed more easily on the wet packed sand. We followed his advice and found he was correct in his statement. The doctor again whispered to me that he thought all was not right. He therefore took out his revolver, saying: 'If we are decoyed, this fellow will surely fall.' Our guide was a pleasant, talkative fellow; he gave us very interesting details of his many years of seafaring life. Finally, after a very fatiguing march, we heard by our side on the beach, the sharp 'tick-click' of a musket brought to a cock, accompanied by a stentorian voice crying: 'Halt! who goes there?' 'That is the voice of a chief of banditti,' again whispered the doctor. 'The Priest,' replied our guide. 'All right — pass on,' said the sentry, for such our challenger was; and he returned his musket to a half-cock, and resumed his solitary pace to guard his resting brethren. We were now in a veritable camp, surrounded by a strong but friendly crowd—evident proof that our fears were unfounded. Stretched on a piece of canvas, lay our poor wounded sailor, bleeding profusely from a pistol-shot in the side. The one who had inflicted the wound was inconsolable. Losing the self-control he had till now maintained, he threw himself on the ground alongside his wounded companion, exclaiming: 'O Jack! forgive me, forgive me, forgive me; O let me die in your stead!' The prostrate man extended his hand to him, saying in a weak voice: 'Jim, it was all, all my fault. Didn't I dare you to fire at me? Jim, for the love you have for the Mother of God, get a Priest for me!' 'He is here, Jack,' replied our sobbing guide. 'O Mary, I thank thee for hearing the prayer I so often address to thee—Pray for me now and at the hour of my death.' Opening his eyes, and looking at me by the light of a lantern held up by a marine, he said: 'Come, sir, we have at last reached a port I have been long and anxiously steering for. Let us make fast for an

eternity. Boys, don't forget to say a Hail Mary for poor Jack, when you are on your watches.' The hearts of the sailors and marines were too full to allow them to give the expected assurance; so I answered in their name, and motioned to all to move off to a distance. The surgeon examined the wound, extracted the ball, and said he would escape death this time. All hearts were light once more. Jack was disappointed—he would have willingly left this world. 'Good bye, gentlemen,' said he to us, as we were leaving, 'the thanks and prayers of a poor sailor follow you both. The storm is not yet over, the port is not yet reached, we may suffer shipwreck and be lost, but I shall continue to hope that Mary will be a friend to me.' As the surgeon was a Protestant, who, I had reason to believe, was horrified at what he deemed the blasphemy of the ignorant sailor, I said to poor Jack: 'But Mary is not our Redeemer.' Looking at me with astonishment, he replied: 'Ah, no sir! she is not—but she is the mother of the Redeemer. If the mother is on my side, the Redeemer will swing around too.' After having dressed the wound, and having given orders to have the wounded man brought aboard the man-of-war that very night, so that the surgeons of the vessel could attend to him, we started on our homeward march. A posse of marines and sailors accompanied us to camp. How amusing were the stories they told us! and how many the dangers, how narrow the escapes in which they have shared! They informed us that the marine camp which we had just left, was a kind of depot where hogs and beeves belonging to the fleet are kept. This live-stock, whose health is better secured on shore than on board ship, furnishes men and officers with an occasional meal of fresh meat. Of course, when a vessel departs for other waters it takes its stock with it, and if possible lands its animals, with a guard, on the neighboring coast.

July 3rd. Orders came from the fort (now Department headquarters) this morning, to prepare to celebrate the Fourth of July with becoming solemnity. It was also officially announced to the 'command' that Captain Barry, Lieutenants Tidball and Webb would start for the North to-day; and that the troops off duty should accompany these distinguished and sorely tried officers and the faithful soldiers going with them, to the place of embarkation. In the same 'orders' Capt. Barry was directed to 'turn over' to Col. Wilson and staff the 'camp equipage' used by the captain and officers till now. We regretted to lose such experienced, brave and tried men, but we rejoiced for their sakes to see them go where there would be hope of recovering their health. We

rejoiced also for our own sakes—we were getting a large tent and cooking utensils. In bidding us adieu at the water's edge, Major Barry (he has just received news of his promotion) said to us: 'Boys, the rainy season is upon us—it will be here in a day or so; no time is to be lost in preparing for its coming.' We returned to our new quarters. We had now a protection against the powerful rays of the sun, and the means of boiling salt pork, and making a little coffee. We had, too, the luxury of sleeping on the plank floor instead of on the sand. But there are no tents or cooking utensils yet for the soldiers. Poor fellows! Not a murmur, not a complaint from them!

About 12 o'clock M. the clouds formed and thickened, and rose one over the other from the horizon, piled and crammed on top of each other till the sun was shut out from sight. The thunder rolled and lightning flashed incessantly. It became alarmingly dark. Was this the beginning of the dreaded season? or would this thunder-storm pass harmlessly over us like those of the preceding days? 1 o'clock, 2 o'clock came and went, and no cessation in the terrific roar of thunder. Poor devoted Zouaves! utterly unprepared for the terrible season now being ushered in! for this is the slow but steady and sure beginning of the 'rainy season.' At 2.30 it was dark. At 3, large drops fell like great stones on our tent. Officers and soldiers gazed on the scene in silent wonder. At 3.15 P. M. the water suddenly *spilled* from the clouds, and continued all the rest of the evening and through the night without the slightest diminution. At the first drops, the poor soldiers looked around them for a shelter. Some started to run, but after making a few steps, they remembered they had no place to run to. No tree, no fence, no house, no place where they could take refuge. The Col. invited all who could find room, to join himself and staff under his newly acquired protection; since all could not be accommodated, the Zouaves declined to come, and made up their minds to brave the storm, saying: 'This is a soldier's life.' As the darkness of night was being added to that of the rain-storm (there was not a breath of wind stirring), we earnestly thanked God that we were under cover this fearful season. God is always and every where a Father, but now and here, more than in any other place or at any other time. To add to our store of happiness, the transport *State of Georgia* with supplies and troops arrived to-day, and brought us our military band (Monaghan's) and the officers and men who missed the Vanderbilt. After a cold and scanty supper no fire could be lighted; the band gave abun-

dance of enlivening music, which I think did not enliven, to any great extent, the drenched, supperless Zouaves.

Fourth of July! Poor soldiers! How woebegone you look this morning! Still cheerful and witty, they are striving to prepare a little coffee to which the Col. will add a ration of rye, to be taken *dry* by all. They are truly in need of this ration, for besides the brunt of the down-pour, they had to withstand the fatigue of an alarm last night. About midnight, a few shots at the picket line informed us of the advance of the enemy. The drummer boys beat the 'long roll,' and officers and men were out in line of battle, under the unceasing deluge, waiting for further developments. 'Father,' said a little drummer, 'I'm afraid! Hear my confession and I shan't be afraid to die.' It required only a moment to settle the little fellow's conscience. I passed along the silent and patient line, and here and there straightened up prostrate souls. After a long delay, the relief, sent out to the picket, returned and informed us it was a false alarm. 'Quarters' were beaten, and, thoroughly soaked, we returned to our tent—but the soldiers must continue as before, quietly to receive on their devoted heads this uncontrollable cascade.

But how are we to celebrate the Fourth? Fort Pickens is to have all the honor, which consists in firing a salute from the parapet. Pickens has never yet 'spoken.'—To-day it will give its first utterances, and show to the enemy that it is at last able to defy attack. Without entirely ceasing, the rain gave us sufficient breathing-time to enable Pickens to fire off the salute. The first shot brought the defenders of the opposite shore to their guns. They thought it was an attack. Understanding that it was a salute, they returned to cover. After the last shot the rain resumed its wonted severity. Col. Brown sends words of sympathy to the men, orders them an extra ration of whiskey, and promises to have tents for them before night.

True to his word, Col. Brown sent tents enough for the men; but the trouble is to erect them on the sand. No flooring is to be used; but one good feature of our island is that all the rain in the clouds cannot form mud on it.

July 6th. Saturday. Company streets are being formed, tents are being pitched, regular camp life is being inaugurated. Rain, however, continues in its unabated force. Very fortunately, no wind accompanies it. No possibility of hearing confessions to-day, and very little prospect of being able to say Mass to-morrow.

July 7th. Sunday. Fearful and steady down-pour all day. Impossible to say Mass to-day. The rain has invaded our tent, and the soldiers could not be expected to

stand out under such a waterfall. I have great fear for the altar-breads, which I cannot have renewed. I am to have a tent for myself before next Sunday comes around. Our enlisted ministers claim the right of preaching. They were told to exercise their right in the open air. I called at the fort to visit my sick, as I do every day. On returning to camp I noticed a flag of truce borne across the bay. I retraced my steps to ascertain if possible what the trouble was. Adjutant Seely informed me kindly that the communication was not accepted. Owing to informality in addressing the letter, Col. Brown refused to hold any intercourse with the bearer. It appears the letter was addressed: 'Col. Harvey Brown, Fort Pickens'; whereas his title is: 'Col. Harvey Brown, Commandant of the Department of Florida,' a title which Bragg refuses to acknowledge. Was it a new demand for the surrender of the fort? Was it a prohibition to fire any more salutes? The contents of the missive remained a mystery. In the meantime extra precaution is ordered to be taken against any sudden attacks. I returned to quarters thoroughly drenched.

July 8th. To-day one of our men died suddenly. I had not time to reach him before life was extinct. A post-mortem examination showed he died of 'perforation of the intestines,' the result of a late attack of typhoid. His name is Brown; his people live in New Jersey. God help us all! this is a melancholy beginning.

I remain Ræ Væ inf. in Xto, servus,

MICHAEL NASH, S. J.

HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, BOSTON, MASS.

On the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of Holy Trinity Church in Boston, which took place last year, Rev. Fr. Nopper, S. J., in token of gratitude to God for His many mercies and as a Jubilee-gift to his faithful flock, wrote a brief sketch of the history of his parish. We will lay before the readers of the LETTERS some of the salient points of this history.

Upwards of fifty years ago, the first German Catholics began to settle in Boston. They naturally desired to worship together, say their prayers in German, sing their beautiful German hymns, hear the word of God preached to them in their mother tongue; in a word, to have their own church, their own priest and their own school. Bishop Benedict J. Fenwick, S. J., who was the especial friend and patron of the German Catholics, helped and encouraged them in every way. He procured for them the first German priests, and applied in their behalf to the Catholic Mission Societies in Germany for contributions. He set apart an hour for their service in his Cathedral; and, whenever they were without a German priest, often said Mass for them himself; and as he had some knowledge of the German language, even preached to them in German.

The first German priest in Boston was Rev. Francis de Sales Hoffmann, who arrived there from Germany in August, 1836. He was soon succeeded by Rev. Joseph Freygang, who, in turn, in Dec., 1837, gave place to Rev. Bernard Smolnikar. This last-named priest displayed great zeal at the outset, but soon fell into absurd errors and had to be removed. After this the Germans were without a regular pastor till June, 1842, a period of five years. Twice a year, however, a German priest, Rev. John Raffeiner, came from New York to hear their confessions. At his urgent solicitation they formed a building society, and with the money thus collected and a few thousand dollars which the Bishop had obtained from Germany, they were enabled to buy a plot of ground (51 x 98 feet) on Lucas St., where old Trinity Church was afterwards built.

In June, 1842, the corner-stone of the church was laid and some time during the March of 1844, Rev. Francis Rolof, an aged priest, whom the Bishop had brought from

Maryland, celebrated the first Mass in the new church. But Fr. Rolof was very old, so that a newly ordained priest, the Rev. Gerard H. Plathe was shortly afterwards put in charge. Fr. Plathe being a Low-German, did not please the High-Germans; hence dissensions arose, which led to his removal in October, 1845. During his pastorship, he established the parish school for boys and girls, the first Catholic school in New England. Fr. Plathe was succeeded by Rev. Alexander Martini, who remained till May, 1848. He, too, soon became entangled in quarrels with his parishioners. In the meantime, good Bishop Fenwick, to whom the Germans owed so much, died and was succeeded by Bishop Fitzpatrick. The new Bishop, for years familiar with the troubles in the German congregation, threatened not merely to leave them without a pastor, if they could not live in peace, but even to sell their church, since they were unable or unwilling to free it from debt. The church, in consequence, remained closed for two months. Some of the hotspurs began to talk very violently. 'If the Bishop,' they said, 'will not give us a priest, he shall not prevent us from assembling in our church to continue our devotions. If the church is not open next Sunday, we shall break it open with our axes.' Affairs, however, took a different turn. Fr. Gustavus Eck, S. J., till then stationed at St. Mary's, Endicott St., introduced himself on August 7, 1848, to the congregation by reading from the altar the following letter, addressed to him by Bishop Fitzpatrick.

'*Reverend Father,*

I can but praise the charity and zeal which induce you to renounce the comforts of community life, and to prefer a lonely life in order to work for the spiritual welfare of the Germans in Boston. Taught by the experience of past years, and despairing of ever seeing union and peace among these people, I had seriously thought of making no further efforts to find a pastor for them. But since providence has brought you here and you are willing to take charge of them, I give my consent and herewith appoint you pastor of Holy Trinity Church.'

Fr. Eck threw his whole soul into his work, and, in an incredibly short time, brought order out of chaos. He almost immediately established the Confraternity of the Living Rosary, then the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, and soon after the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin. All of these Societies prospered from the very beginning. He also gave much of his time and attention to the schools, and brought them to a state of efficiency, which they had never known

before. The parish grew apace, and soon the little church was found too small. In the year 1853, therefore, Fr. Eck began to collect money and establish church-building societies, intending to build a magnificent Gothic church on Tremont St., between Dedham and Canton.

Contrary to the Bishop's advice, the building was begun even before the debt of $8,000 on the old church had been paid. In a short time the basement was finished. Fr. Eck had received a good deal of money at interest, the savings of his poor parishioners, and this he put into the new building. He was an able, energetic and courageous man, a holy and zealous priest; but it may be doubted whether he was a skilful financier. The double burden of raising a colossal church and of administering a widely scattered parish was too much even for his great strength. His health broke down completely and he was ordered back to Europe. Although he was even obliged to borrow money for his passage, evil-minded persons afterwards said that Fr. Eck had run away with the money which had been collected to build the church. To make a long story short, his successors Fr. Reiter, Fr. Cattani and Fr. Steinbacher were unable to disentangle themselves. Fr. Provincial, to whom the Bishop offered the whole property,[1] refused, and the upshot was that it was sold at auction to the builder, the principal creditor, for $22,000. It is estimated that the congregation lost, in all, through poor Fr. Eck's ill-fated undertaking, about $50,000.

When Fr. Steinbacher was called away, early in 1859, Fr. Manns, being then with Fr. Reiter at Conewago, was appointed to succeed him; but having met with an accident at the moment of departure, Fr. Reiter was sent in his place. Thus was this man, by a special providence of God, brought back a second time to Boston, Jan. 21st, 1859.

Fr. Reiter, during his two years' absence from Boston, had become accustomed to American ways and had learned the English language. Being, moreover, acquainted with the affairs of Trinity Church, he did not find it very difficult to accommodate himself to the circumstances. Possessed of an iron constitution, and endowed with invincible patience, self-control and great firmness of character, he was just the man to put new life and spirit into a congregation that was on the verge of despair, and to become their savior. Notwithstanding the sternness and firmness of his character and the austerity of his life, he possessed a marvellous gift of drawing all hearts to him, especially those of the

[1] It was also proposed that the Bishop himself should finish the church and make it his Cathedral.

children. He was affable and just towards all, even the least; and no one could refuse him the esteem and affection which are due to a zealous priest and exemplary religious. When, therefore, he appeared before his people and, with a voice that had the ring of truth and determination in it, assured them that all debts would be paid, that nobody should lose any thing, but that they must have patience and give him time; when he thus spoke, they knew that he meant what he said and was able to redeem his promise, and they trusted him. 'One of my brethren,' he said, 'has with well-intentioned zeal, made these debts; it is our duty to pay them.' But whence was the money to come? Many of the people of the congregation, who had lent money to Fr. Eck, were reduced to destitution, and something had to be done for them.

At this time, Fr. Sopranis came to this country as Visitor. Fr. Reiter made a full statement to him of the situation, and was, thereupon, authorized to use every cent of money which he could save from his salary by the most careful economy, to pay the debt. Fr. Sopranis, too, was urged (as formerly the Provincial had been urged) both by the Bishop and by the trustees, seconded by Fr. Reiter, to take in the name of the Society, full possession of the church and property, and, of course, to assume the debt. But he would not consent; the amount of indebtedness alarmed him. Then steps were taken to hand the church over to the Redemptorists. They came, saw and—went away. Thus Fr. Reiter remained in charge. With unexampled energy he set about his herculean task. At the end of about five years, to the utter amazement of his people, he announced from the altar that *all the debts were paid.* But this was not all. During these five years he had made many improvements and acquired new property. And yet, during those glorious five years Fr. Reiter had been working single-handed. If, from time to time, an assistant was given him, he was either old and infirm or imperfectly acquainted with the German language.

For some time Fr. Reiter was even obliged to teach the large boys' school himself, for want of a competent teacher. No wonder that his health finally gave way and that he was compelled to apply for help to the German Provincial. In August, 1867, FF. Bellwalder and Nopper arrived in Boston. Having now more leisure, the indefatigable man undertook and carried out an important literary work.

At last the way was prepared for the realization of the long-wished-for Gothic church. The debts were paid, the ground bought and also paid for. The site, too, was about

to be greatly improved by the city in filling up that low-lying neighborhood and in prolonging Shawmut Ave. to Tremont St. But Fr. Reiter was not to build it. When every thing was ready to begin the work, he was called to other fields of labor. Buffalo had just been turned over by the New York Mission to the German Province; and Fr. Reiter was called thither to give the German Fathers the benefit of his American experience. Great was the grief of his loving flock. After giving him a magnificent reception, which deeply touched the good father, they bade him farewell amid tears and good wishes. [1] Fr. James Simeon, S. J., came on the 25th of July, 1870, from Washington to succeed him. The following was the spiritual condition of the congregation in 1870: Confraternity of the Holy Rosary for men, 330 members; for women, 501; Sodality of B. V. M. for youths, 395; St. Vincent de Paul's Soc., 203; Bona Mors, 717; Archconfraternity of the S. Heart, 443; St. Joseph's Poor Society, 200; St. Elizabeth's Poor Soc., 70; Catholic Casino, 165; Parish Schools, 491 children.

In the spring of 1871, the foundation was laid for the new church on Shawmut Ave., according to architect Keely's plans; and on the 10th of Nov., 1872, the ceremony of laying the corner-stone took place. Fr. Reiter had been invited to preach on that occasion. On the eve of the ceremony the memorable Boston fire broke out, and it was while this terrible conflagration was raging and the terrific reports of the explosions, which the fire department had ordered in the hope of isolating the fire, were heard on every side, that Archbishop (then Bishop) Williams solemnly blessed the corner-stone. On May 1st, 1874, Fr. Simeon celebrated the first Mass in the basement.

[1] Fr. Ernest Anthony Reiter was born at Arnsberg in Westphalia, on the 10th of February, 1821. Having studied in the diocesan Seminary of Paderborn, at the University of Munich and at the Roman College, he was ordained priest on March 7th, 1846, and entered upon the duties of the sacred ministry in his native diocese. During this time he made the acquaintance of Fr. Behrens and other Jesuits, who, after their expulsion from Switzerland, were giving missions and retreats throughout Westphalia. He applied for admission and was received into the Society, being the first German novice since the expulsion of the Fathers from Switzerland. As the German Fathers had no novitiate of their own, he began his noviceship May 29th, 1850, at Issenheim, in Alsace. The two years after his noviceship he spent partly in reviewing his studies, partly in missionary work, till he came to America in 1854. On being recalled to his own Province, he was appointed first Rector of Canisius College and pastor of St. Michael's Church, Buffalo. He had not been in Buffalo very long, when the Bishop of Erie appealed to the German Fathers for help in his endeavors to bring to terms the congregation of St. Joseph's Church, which he had been obliged to lay under interdict. Fr. Reiter was sent to Erie to give a mission in St. Joseph's Church, which was so successful that the people petitioned to keep him as their pastor. He was, therefore, allowed to remain in Erie, a hope being entertained that it might lead to the establishment of a residence in that town. This hope was blasted by his untimely death, from erysipelas, on the 25th of May, 1873.

On May 27th, 1877, Trinity Sunday, the titular feast, the church was solemnly dedicated by Archbishop Williams. Fr. Lessmann sang the Solemn High Mass, Fr. Weninger preached, and, on the same day, opened an eight days' mission.

Such is, in brief, the history of beautiful Trinity Church, one of the ornaments of the proud city of Boston. It is estimated that the church, schoolhouse and presbytery cost about $173,000. In Nov. 1877, Fr. Simeon was sent to Washington and Fr. Nopper, who had been at Holy Trinity since 1867, succeeded him as Superior. At Fr. Simeon's departure, the debt still amounted to $110,000, but has since been considerably reduced. Fr. Nopper closes his interesting sketch, of which we have given a rather bald abstract, with a warm appeal to the German Catholics of Boston to cling together, as the founders of Trinity church have done, in union and steadfast faith, perseverance and generosity, that they may, with God's blessing, carry on the work begun by their fathers, to their own happiness and to the glory of the Ever Blessed Trinity.

THE CIVIL INCORPORATION OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS IN THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

In the beginning of the present year, 1887, some of the most influential laymen in Montreal urged the Jesuit Fathers to ask for the civil incorporation of the Society. They were prompted in their demand by their good will towards the Society, and hoped at the same time to promote the interests of their own children. St. Mary's College in Montreal not being affiliated with Laval University, their sons who are students of the college have no chance of taking degrees. Until recently they could do without diplomas; but now there are signs of an approaching change, and degrees will soon be required to enter upon the study of law or medicine. These gentlemen knew that the privileges granted to the Society, confirmed by our Holy Father, Leo XIII, were large enough to enable the Fathers to confer degrees, if the Society was recognized by the State; hence their desire to obtain the civil incorporation of 'The Society of Jesus.'

The Jesuits were in the best of circumstances to obtain this incorporation; the present Prime Minister, Mr. Mercier, is an old student of St. Mary's College; the Lieutenant Governor of the Province of Quebec, Mr. Masson, is a former student of Georgetown College, D. C.; both were desirous of doing all in their power to show their gratitude to the Society; the Archbishop of Montreal, in whose diocese five-sixths of the Canadian Jesuits reside, was favorable to the measure; no one anticipated any trouble in getting the bill through the legislature. Scarcely, however, had it been gazetted, when Cardinal Taschereau, just back from Rome, wrote to Archbishop Fabre urging him to force the Jesuits to withdraw the bill until the Bishops could be consulted about it. His great objection was that the bill, if passed, would give the Jesuits a chance to claim the property of the Old Society in Canada, and that it would grant them the right of conferring degrees; to both of these he objected on different grounds.

To satisfy His Eminence, Father Visitor (the Rev. J. B. Lessmann, S. J.) and the Superior General of the Canadian Mission gave to His Lordship, Archb. Fabre, a written assurance that the Jesuits did not think either of claiming the said property or of conferring degrees without the consent of the Holy See; and that consequently the fears of His Eminence were unfounded.

This document satisfied Mgr. Fabre, the Archbishop of Ottawa and the Bishop of Three Rivers; but not the Cardinal. The other Bishops too, following His Eminence's lead, insisted upon the Jesuits putting off their bill until the following year, to give them time to consult among themselves and to refer the case to the Holy See. But the three prelates who had taken sides with the Jesuits (the only prelates, besides the Cardinal, in whose dioceses there are any Jesuits) opposed the idea of withdrawing the bill; the Government too, insisted upon going on with the matter. Nobody thought the Cardinal would persist in his opposition, as all agreed that there was no longer any reason for opposition on his part. The bill was therefore introduced, and passed its first and second readings in the Lower House on the 19th and 22nd of April, and appeared before the Committee on Private Bills on the 29th. Mgr. Hamel, Vicar-General of Quebec, officially presented the objections of His Eminence and demanded the postponement of the measure. Mr. Mercier, who had kindly taken the bill under his protection in the Lower House, eloquently refuted the objections made against it. But as the majority of the Committee were evidently swayed by regard for the wishes of His Eminence,

the civil effects of the bill were restricted to the three dioceses whose prelates were favorable to it. This, for a moment, disarmed Mgr. Hamel; he withdrew his opposition and all retired from the room, except the Honorable Members. Shortly after, however, both the Fathers and Mgr. Hamel were called in. Meanwhile Mgr. Hamel, having received fresh instructions, recalled the step he had taken; but he was told it was now too late; the bill had meanwhile been admitted on principle. On renewed opposition, however, all mention of privileges was omitted, and the bill reduced to an ordinary incorporation measure as those granted to the Redemptorists and other religious communities of the Province. Mgr. Hamel endeavored, but unsuccessfully, to have inserted into the bill as thus drafted a clause positively excluding the right of conferring degrees. During this time the Cardinal had sent to Rome the following despatch: 'Jesuitæ hujus Provinciæ postulant legem incorporationis contra quam plurimas graves objectiones ponunt octo episcopi qui consulere volunt Sanctam Sedem. Postulo ut Summus Pontifex absque ulla mora declaret legislatores supersedere debere.'

The Cardinal counted among the opponents of the bill the Archbishop of Ottawa, who had however been one of its supporters from the beginning, but had simply asked for the insertion of the clause: 'Salvis juribus ordinariorum et privilegiis universitatis Lavalliensis,' which would have been readily granted, had its opponents allowed it. Yet the Cardinal counted Archbishop Duhamel among the opponents, not only in this despatch, but likewise in his correspondence with the Prime Minister.

The answer of the Holy Father, or rather of Cardinal Simeoni, was as follows: 'Pontifex non judicat opportunum cogere deputatos laicos. Eminentia tua videat an tuo nomine possis eos inducere ad supersedendum.' This answer as well as the telegram that elicited it, was kept secret until May the 12th, but the members were all the time left under the impression that they could not as Catholics act against the wishes of the great majority of the Bishops of the Province.

Notwithstanding this pressure, on May 2nd, the bill passed in the Committee of the Whole, by 34 votes to 16; and on the next day it passed its third reading. It now was to come before the Upper House and great fear was entertained by the friends of the Jesuits that it would not pass, owing to the intense displeasure its passage would cause the Cardinal.

All this time the Cardinal was writing to Mr. Mercier

letter after letter to induce him to withdraw the bill. This correspondence was published a few days later at the instance of the Cardinal. It did not seem to the public at large to do special honor to His Eminence. But for this very reason most of the members were rather inclined to spare him a final defeat. Under these circumstances a telegram was sent by one of the Jesuit Fathers to one of the Society in Rome about the matter on the 5th of May, and at once the welcome answer was received that the Holy Father had refused to oppose the bill. This was evidently an allusion to the answer quoted above, which had not yet been given to the public.

The bill, however, had now passed its first and second readings in the Upper House and was to come up in Committee on the 11th. From all appearances it would be lost, because the members were kept under the impression that the Holy Father wished for a postponement. Another despatch, sent by the Jesuits to one of their Fathers in Rome on May 9th, received the answer that Cardinal Simeoni had that very day informed Cardinal Taschereau by cable that the Holy Father could not oppose the incorporation of the Jesuits. [1]

The bill was to come before the Committee, as was said above, on the 11th, but at the request of Mgr. Hamel, it was postponed to the following day, when that Reverend gentleman read a carefully written paper. In this he endeavored to show that the Cardinal was not opposed to the incorporation of the Jesuits, but meant simply (as he thought it was his right) to get time to elucidate certain details of the bill which seemed to go against the rights of the Bishops and the privileges of Laval University. He at the same time bitterly complained of pretended insults heaped upon His Eminence by the promoters of the bill. Finally, he added, the Cardinal was sure his conduct met with the approval of the Holy See.

At this moment Rev. Fr. Turgeon, Rector of St. Mary's College, rose and in a few words pointed out the fallacy of the objections; complained in dignified terms of the accusation made against the Jesuits of laying snares for the Bishops; and concluded by quoting the two despatches he had received by cable on the 5th and 9th of May, both of which clearly proved that nothing had been done in opposition to the wishes of the Holy Father.

Mgr. Hamel then produced a second paper carefully pre-

[1] The full text of this despatch became known to the public only on the 12th.—It read as follows: 'Summus Pontifex nequit se opponere ne incorporentur Jesuitæ. Quæstionem bonorum sibi omnino reservat.'

pared. In it he admitted that the Cardinal had received the telegram just alluded to (the one of the 9th), which he declared, in bitter terms, to have been obtained by means of insidious and false statements made by some persons behind the scenes. But he argued that this answer of the Holy Father, obscure and equivocal, was rendered clear and unmistakable by another telegram obtained in answer to a question authoritatively put by Cardinal Taschereau, and from which it was plain that, though the Holy Father refrained from commanding, he cordially expressed a desire that the deputies should defer passing the bill. He then quoted the telegram already mentioned.

Everybody in the audience was under the impression that this was a telegram just received, and therefore subsequent to the one of the 9th. Happily, however, Mr. de Boucherville, the member of the Upper House, who had taken charge of the bill, suspecting something crooked in Mgr. Hamel's statement, asked him when this telegram was received and by whom it was signed. After some hesitation Mgr. Hamel said it was received about the end of April and signed by Cardinal Simeoni. This answer made it clear to all present that this was the first telegram received and that, even if it had meant that the Holy Father wished the bill to be postponed, his subsequent telegram neutralised the effect of this one. Moreover, as Mr. de Boucherville remarked, even that wish expressed in the first telegram is evidently the wish of Cardinal Simeoni and not that of the Holy Father.

This proved decisive; the room was cleared, for a moment only, of all strangers; and when the doors were reopened it was announced, amid great applause, that the Committee accepted the bill without a single dissenting voice. On the same afternoon, the bill passed its third reading and, shortly afterwards, received the signature of the Lieutenant Governor.

The excitement seemed now at an end and, for two months, nothing more was heard concerning the great event which had kept the whole province in suspense for several weeks. In the middle of July, however, on the occasion of an election at Laprairie to fill a vacancy, the opponents of Mr. Mercier endeavored to excite, against the candidate of his party, the prejudices of the good country people by stating that Mr. Mercier had proved rebellious to the injunctions of the Cardinal and of a great majority of the Bishops. Thereupon Mr. Mercier sent to the Holy Father the following despatch dated July 21st: 'Accusatus sum quod rebellis fuerim contra Episcopos, procurando

Jesuitis jura civilia. Debeo me defendere publice Sabbato proximo. Humillime sollicito declarationem Suæ Sanctitatis de falsitate illius accusationis.' The next day he received from Cardinal Simeoni the following answer: 'Dici nequis rebellis Episcopis ex Jesuitarum incorporatione quam ipse Summus Pontifex petere permisit.' This settled the case; the telegram was widely circulated throughout the province; and Mr. Mercier was victorious.

Let us hope that this will be the last scene in a drama, which, says the *Vérité* of Quebec, 'will be a lesson to our Canadian friends;'—and the *Univers* of Paris adds: 'to others also.'

ALASKA.

Archbishop Seghers had several times asked missionaries for Alaska from various religious orders, but could not obtain any. Finally, the Reverend Father Superior of the Rocky Mountain Mission, S. J., having received some young religious of his order from Europe, answered the Archbishop's earnest and repeated request, by sending him two Fathers who should go with him to explore that country before opening a mission there. These were Fathers Tosi and Robaut, to whom Mr. Fuller, who had offered himself for this purpose, was given as companion. This Fuller had been known to the Fathers for several years, having for some time acted as helper at Industrial Schools; but he was neither a brother nor a postulant.

The place where the first mission was to have been founded, was in that part of Alaska where the Stuart river flows into the Yukon, about 250 miles from its source, in the eastern part of Alaska, and about 2,500 miles from its mouth in the west. The Yukon river has a length of 2,800 miles, and seems to be larger and deeper than the Columbia; it flows through the heart of Alaska, and is the largest river of that country as yet known, many tributaries emptying into it. In winter, there is no other way of exploring that country than by travelling over the frozen surface of rivers and lakes. In summer, the Yukon is navigable, and people travel up and down it in boats or on rafts. The Indians are mostly found on the banks of the rivers or on the sea-coast.

The Archbishop first intended to leave San Francisco in the spring of 1886, by one of the steamers that go to the western part of Alaska; these steamers enter the Yukon

and pursue their course eastward, very far into the interior. According to this plan, the missionaries would have reached the place of their intended explorations without any trouble or difficulty; but something happened that obliged them to change their plans. The Archbishop had to wait till he should receive the pallium from the Archbishop of Oregon, and this solemnity could not take place till summer. It being too late then to take one of the steamers that go up the Yukon, Archbishop Seghers and his companions had either to wait till the following spring, or to change their plans, that is, to travel from east to west instead of travelling from west to east, as was at first intended; and after reaching the head-waters of the Yukon, follow the river to the intended place. This plan they finally adopted. This road did not present any extraordinary difficulties till they reached a spot about 35 miles from the Yukon, where swamps and lakes abound. As soon as they reached this part of the country they were obliged to travel on foot. For help they had Indians, who carried the baggage on their backs. With these Indians one must have great patience and pay them well for their services. They are experienced packers and good guides, knowing the country well, as they are employed for that by the miners. Having reached the head-waters of the Yukon, the Indians left the missionaries and returned to their homes. There our travellers set about building a very solid raft; because when travellers come to this spot and are unable to secure a raft from others returning, they are obliged to build their own, if they want to continue their journey. On such rafts, explorers row over lakes, shallow places and rapids, till they reach the end of their journey. It is needless to say that such a way of travelling is full of hardships; yet there is no danger for the lives of the travellers, otherwise the Archbishop would not have risked those of his companions. 'The greatest difficulty,' says Fr. Tosi, 'is to make a good raft to go down the river.' In this way, on a raft, the Archbishop and his companions penetrated into the interior of Alaska, and reached the mouth of the Stuart river after many accidents, which are described in two letters, one written by the Archbishop, and the other by Fr. Robaut.

When the missionaries had succeeded in reaching the junction of the Stuart river, it would seem that they had come to the end of their journey for that year, and that they should have made their winter quarters there, as there is no communication in winter, except between places that are very near each other. But the zeal of the Archbishop was pushing him on further. He thought that three missionaries

in one and the same place were too many, seeing the want of the whole country; besides, he feared that the numerous bands of Indians near the banks of the Yukon would be lost to the Church by any delay. For these reasons, the Archbishop resolved to leave the two Fathers and travel 900 miles further down, notwithstanding the entreaties of Fr. Tosi to the contrary. Thus the Archbishop left on the 8th day of September, 1886, with Fuller as companion. Fr. Robaut says in his letter: 'This separation was very bad for him and for us, but it was necessary, and so, after a tender good-bye, he departed from us.' When the Archbishop was about leaving, they all agreed that the two Fathers should go down the river as soon as it would be open for travel, which would probably take place towards the end of May or the beginning of June, and meet him at his new station. Then they would consult together what was to be done, and one of the Fathers would remain in Alaska, and the other would return with the Archbishop to San Francisco. The Superior of the mission, on being informed as to what could be done there, would refer matters to the Very Reverend Father General of the Society of Jesus, for the establishment of the Alaska mission. In accordance with this agreement the Fathers went down the river some time in May, in the expectation of meeting the Archbishop full of life and crowned with success. It is difficult to imagine their disappointment, sorrow and consternation at the news of the awful tragedy of the Archbishop's death. At first they could not believe the terrible news, but when they came to the evidence of the facts, they had to submit themselves to the disposition of Divine Providence. They were told that the Archbishop had been shot dead by Fuller, and that his body was at St. Michael's in a Russian church.

THE DETAILS OF THE MURDER.

During the voyage from Portland to the southwestern coast of Alaska, Fuller's conduct was often so extravagant that Fr. Tosi twice counselled the Archbishop to send him (Fuller) back by the same steamer, which would return from Alaska to Portland, for it seemed dangerous to Fr. Tosi to continue travelling such a long distance with a man of this kind. But the Archbishop, judging his services necessary, both during the voyage and during the winter in that most difficult country, took him along, in hopes that the eccentric conduct of Fuller, which arose from a fear that the whites wanted to take his life, would subside as soon as he would be far away from them. This hoped-for change

did not take place; yet the Archbishop, in his zeal, separated himself from the Fathers, and travelled down the river alone in company with Fuller. FF. Tosi and Robaut, when near St. Michael's, learned the following facts: Nearly a month had passed since the Archbishop had reached the end of his trip of 900 miles, when he took the resolution to make a third and shorter journey to visit some other tribe of Indians. He took with him Fuller and two Indians as companions. The Archbishop travelled with them for several days until he reached a place about one day's distance from a camp of the Indians he intended to visit. It being late in the afternoon, Fuller proposed to the Archbishop to camp there for the night and not to go any further that day. The Archbishop, having asked the advice of the Indians, thought better to go on, which they did and reached an empty Indian house in the evening.

According to the statement of the Indians who had accompanied the Archbishop, Fuller was very much displeased that his advice had not been followed, and he complained bitterly, because, he said, the advice of Indians had been preferred to that of a white man. They say, also, that Fuller was very much excited during the night, and seemed not to have slept. At daybreak they saw him get up and go about as if he would start the fire, but did not do it. All at once he called the Archbishop, telling him to get up. The Archbishop arose to a sitting posture, and on seeing Fuller with his gun levelled, folded his arms on his breast and inclined his head, when the man shot him. The bullet passed through his forehead near his left eye and came out from the upper part of the neck. The Archbishop died instantly. The Indians witnessing the tragedy got frightened, and fearing that Fuller would kill them also, disarmed him; but Fuller reassured them, saying coolly and calmly that he had made up his mind to kill only the Archbishop. Then he and the Indians arranged the body of the dead prelate, taking away only the pastoral cross and ring, which objects, he said, he would give to the ecclesiastical authorities in Victoria, B. C. From this it would seem that we can safely conclude that Fuller's mental faculties had been upset, partly in consequence of a previous disposition for monomania, and partly also, in consequence of the sufferings he had undergone during the voyage; moreover, we may suppose that he killed the Archbishop in a fit of madness. This conclusion is corroborated by the following fact:—He is reported to have said that when they will hang him he wants the consolation of confessing to a Catholic

Priest, to accuse himself not of the murder of the Archbishop, for which he feels no remorse, but of his past sins.

The only consolation left to us, who have known this beloved Archbishop, is the thought that Almighty God, who, in his inscrutable wisdom and providence over his creatures, governs and directs all to his greater glory, will know how to use the tragic death of this holy prelate as an efficacious means of propagating the saving light of the Gospel. We are aware that the crown of sacrifices which the Divine Goodness imposed on the holy man for the salvation of the Indians, in asking of him the renunciation of the Archbishopric of Oregon, in order to undertake such an arduous mission, full of hardships, received its most brilliant gem in the bloody sacrifice of his precious life. We cannot suppose that God, on beholding a sacrifice so precious, will not be moved to grant in some future time, perhaps not far distant, the conversion of the poor creatures, for whose salvation the sacrifice was made.

Neither Fr. Tosi nor Fr. Robaut knew anything about this sad event until they went down the Yukon to meet the Archbishop. Fr. Tosi left the body of the Archbishop as it was, in a zinc casket, surrounded with ice. It is in the Russian chapel at St. Michael's, which is situated about 500 miles from the mouth of the Yukon, and, when possible, it will be taken by steamer to Victoria. Fr. Robaut went then to the Indians in whose territory the Archbishop was killed, and Fr. Tosi left on the steamer bound for San Francisco, to acquaint Superiors with all that had happened. In this last trip, he had a good opportunity to visit the western sea-coast of Alaska, both above and below the mouth of the Yukon. He arrived at Portland from San Francisco, on the 23rd of July, and gave us all the details of the facts just related, besides much important information about the country and its inhabitants, which we shall now relate.

The climate of Alaska is not very changeable, it being very cold in winter, and but moderately warm in summer; and this uniformity of climate makes it very healthy. Fr. Tosi, whose lungs were always weak, and who suffered from rheumatism, like most of our missionaries in the mountains, says that his health was very much improved during his stay in Alaska; and the writer, who saw him after his return, can testify to the fact that he appeared to be much stronger. It seems that along the Yukon river, the snow is not very deep; last winter it was not more than two feet, whilst in the Rocky Mountains it was very deep. In summer it rains but seldom; hence, on the Alaska mountains there must be a great deal of snow, to feed, when melting, a

river like the Yukon—one of the largest rivers in the world. During the winter, the thermometer marked, on an average, 15° below zero, though sometimes it went down to 60°, and even 70° below zero. During extreme cold a wonderful phenomenon takes place; the respiration is accompanied by a perceptible voice that can be heard at some distance. This strange phenomenon must be ascribed, it would seem, to the condensation of the volume of warm air, which, on leaving the mouth, is instantly condensed by the very cold air without. The dwellings of the natives are built partly under and partly above ground, and covered with a thick layer of clay, as a protection against the severe cold. Dense forests of different kinds of wood furnish fuel. A great quantity of wood being necessary, it is evident that to procure and transport it is a difficult task; but should the winter supply of wood give out, it is possible to get more, even in winter; only a person has to take the precaution of clothing himself warmly, and lighting a large fire on the spot where he cuts the wood. To form an idea of the intensity of cold in these regions, it is sufficient to mention that, to procure the necessary water, they have to go to the middle of the river with a pickaxe and make a hole in the ice, which is about six feet thick; and they have to cover it with branches before leaving, if they do not want to go through the same process next day. To get water near the shore is impossible, or at least very difficult, because there the water either freezes from the surface to the bottom, or the ice is much thicker than in the middle of the river, where the current is swifter.

During the summer, one can travel in a boat down and even up the river, but not without some exertion. In winter, there is no country in the world that has roads more level than Alaska; for these are the frozen surfaces of its rivers, lakes and swamps. The ice is so thick that there is no danger of breaking through, how heavy soever the load may be. The only vehicle used in winter is a sled drawn by dogs; these animals are very large and tame, and accustomed to hard work. They are placed before the sled in files of two or three and are driven without the aid of a bridle; sometimes, however, one of the party on snow-shoes, precedes the dogs, making the road and leading the way. The dogs carry in this manner considerable burdens, and sometimes even the driver, who jumps on the sled from behind while it is moving. It happens not seldom that the sled is upset in going over a heap of drifted snow or some other obstacle, and if the driver is not very quick in jumping off, he is thrown into the snow; because the dogs hav-

ing no bridle cannot be stopped all at once. A person ought not to lose courage if the dogs, from time to time, are difficult to manage, since much patience is needed in travelling with dog-sleds in Alaska. There are no horses in the country, but Fr. Tosi thinks it would not be very difficult to keep them, even in winter, if only warm stables were built to protect them from the cold. Grass grows in all the swamps, which might be mowed in summer and stored away for the winter. Still it is doubtful if horses would be of any utility in Alaska, otherwise they would have been imported long ago. One of the difficulties, and by no means the least, would be the impossibility of carrying along on a horse the amount of hay required for a long journey. The same difficulty does not meet one who travels with dogs, because these, besides being able to endure hunger for a longer time, may be fed with dry fish, of which a sufficient quantity can be taken along on the sled, or can be procured, if needed, wherever the Indians live.

Though there are in Alaska large tracts of good land, still on account of the severe and protracted cold, it would not be worth while to cultivate them, and therefore they will always lie waste. Nevertheless, Fr. Tosi thinks that during the short period of summer one could raise without much difficulty such vegetables as need only a short time to come to maturity, as potatoes, cabbages, etc. For, as the sun remains on the horizon for nearly four months (May, June, July and August), its heat must produce a good effect on vegetation. This being as yet only an opinion, experience must show whether it be tenable. One who has money can procure from San Francisco dried peas, beans, etc.; also fresh vegetables of every description preserved in air-tight cans.

There are three steamers that run between San Francisco and the interior of Alaska, going up the Yukon river. One of them leaves San Francisco about the middle of March, another in the beginning of April, and the third at the end of May. These three steamers, having completed their voyage up and down the Yukon and along the coast of Alaska, return to San Francisco, and, if we mistake not, the first of these steamers returns before the third leaves. The company that owns these vessels have been very kind to the missionaries. For Fr. Tosi's last trip from Alaska to San Francisco the company refused to take any money. The charges for freight are very moderate. By these steamers, the Fathers of Alaska have a means of communication with San Francisco, where there is a college of the Society of Jesus. By this communication with San Francisco, the

Alaska missions are in a much better condition than the Rocky Mountain missions were in years past. The missionaries were then entirely separated from all civilization, and were obliged to provide themselves with the necessaries of life by undertaking long journeys of several hundred miles, over rough and difficult roads, transporting every thing by means of pack-horses. Missionaries of Alaska, by simply writing a letter to their procurator in San Francisco, may obtain every year a full supply of every thing they need for the next year, and keep up a comparatively easy correspondence with their superiors.

Fish and game of different kinds are found in abundance. Thousands and thousands of Indians with their dogs live almost exclusively on fish. Every stream and river abounds with them. There being no falls of any height that might prevent the fish from going up the Yukon, those from the sea find no difficulty in ascending the river. There is a certain kind of white fish there, about a foot and a half long, which is delicious. The Indians fish with strong nets, very ingeniously made of sinews. In winter, they first make a hole in the ice, and then throw in their nets; so, in Alaska, one may secure at any time a quantity of fresh fish. Game, however, is not so abundant as fish; yet we ought not to wonder at this, since warm-blooded animals cannot live in such a cold climate. Nevertheless there are great numbers of deer, moose and bears, the meat of which is very good. In hunting these animals a person has to be very cautious if he values his life. Hunters there use a kind of bullet which explodes in the body of the animal and kills it instantly. Let this suffice with regard to the country and climate.

We will now proceed to give some particulars of a more important nature—about the Indians or natives. We do not intend to say any thing about the whites, that are spread here and there over the interior of the country, as they are very few. On the south coast, however, which is very healthy on account of its mild climate, and on which several mines have been discovered, the Indians have been corrupted by intercourse with the whites, so that it is very probable that they are lost to religion. It seems, too, that there is very little hope of converting those Indians who live on the west coast of Alaska, south of the mouth of the Yukon; but the same can not be said of those Indians who dwell on the west coast of Alaska north of the mouth of the Yukon, as also of those who live in the interior of the country, along the shores of the same river and its tributaries. These latter Indians are very numerous and are all heathens. Fr. Tosi says that he met about 10,000 of them who, in their eager

desire to be instructed in the truths of religion, have asked for missionaries. He also saw about 5,000 who belong either to the Protestant or Russian Churches. Unfortunately, Fr. Tosi lacked the opportunity of visiting the more northern regions of Alaska, where, according to the most authoritative accounts, the Indians are the most numerous, and have as yet never seen a missionary of any denomination. The zeal of the English Protestant ministers is very great. Last year five of these missionaries went up the Yukon to open a school for the Indians. We may state here that for many years an old minister has lived on the shores of one of the tributaries of the Yukon. Fr. Tosi has met this gentleman, and says that he is for the Protestant missions of Alaska what Fr. Joset is for the Catholic mission of the Rocky Mountains. His zeal for the conversion of these Indians is so great that, without ever relenting, he undergoes the greatest hardships and difficulties. Fr. Robaut has taken up his abode amongst the Indians who were to be visited last fall by the Archbishop, and he is all alone. Let us pray to the Almighty that he may take this good Father under his protection, who very probably will have to remain in his present solitary position until next spring; however, all possible measures have been taken that Fr. Tosi and his companions—Fr. Ragaru and Br. Giordano, S. J.—may reach him before winter sets in. They left Victoria on August 9th, 1887. In consequence of the dangers that would follow from delay, Fr. Tosi thinks that serious steps ought to be taken to open those missions at once, and he is also of the opinion that at each station there should be at least two Fathers and one brother. In the region where these first stations should be established there are more than 15,000 Indians anxious to put themselves under the care of Catholic priests. But if the number of missionaries necessary could not be supplied at present, then there should be, for the moment, one Father with a brother at each station. Even during winter, communication might be had between these several stations. The two which are the farthest apart are about 300 miles from each other. The trip could be made with facility, there being all along the way, at a distance of from fifteen to thirty miles, Indian villages. But the distance between all the other stations would be from 100 to 200 miles. Of those stations, all accessible either by the river or by the sea, four would be in the interior, on the banks of the Yûkon, and three near the sea-coast.

These Indians speak two languages entirely distinct from each other; one of these is spoken by those living in the interior, the other by those living near the coast. Besides

these, there are several dialects, more or less different from the mother language. The coast Indians are Esquimaux, and all these, to the number of several thousands, gather together in summer for the purpose of fishing, which circumstance would offer to the Fathers a good opportunity to work for their conversion. In general, these Indians may be said to be of a very pacific disposition, like the Indians of the Rocky Mountains, there being no danger at all to go and live among them. They are very intelligent and well disposed to be instructed in religion, which assertion can be proved by the conversion to Protestantism of many thousands of them. Those of the Indians who had the happiness of making the acquaintance of Archbishop Seghers, respected, honored and loved him very much, and whenever any of them happened to meet him they would say that they preferred the Catholic Bishop to any other teacher.

From this we may infer of how great importance it is that the place left by our lamented Archbishop be as soon as possible filled by another, in order that the Indians may know that if they have lost a good friend and father in the Archbishop, they have found another with a spirit like his and who like him desires nothing more than to make them know God and the religion that leads to him. One of the principal motives of the hope we cherish, of their easy and speedy conversion, is the absence of that detestable plague, polygamy, which is and always has been the greatest obstacle to the conversion of the Indians of the Rocky Mountains. It seems that the fact of this exceptional continency among those Indians must be ascribed to a peculiar custom generally observed among them. When their children have come to the use of reason, their parents make an agreement by which they are betrothed to each other. From the time of this betrothal, the children are obliged to help each other as if married already, although they continue to live each in his or her respective family. For instance, whenever the boy goes fishing, he has to give part of his fish to his future wife, and so in all other things. On the other hand, the girl is obliged to mend the boy's clothes, to dry them when they are wet, and to prepare his meals whenever necessary. In this way they grow up loving each other from their tenderest years. When they have come to a riper age, they go and live together, continuing all the while to love each other so exclusively that the same affection for other persons never arises to interfere. This custom, says Fr. Tosi, not only keeps polygamy far away, but even renders any breach of conjugal faith very difficult; and what is more

wonderful, without any religious teaching, their morals are in general very good.

We must not judge, however, from this that the missionaries will have no difficulties to surmount. One very great obstacle will be the superstitions or practice of Indian medicine, probably even of magic arts. It is evident that these Indians will not give up so easily such practices, which are of so high repute among them, that anyone who is versed therein is considered by the tribe a wise and powerful man. Let us hope that the all-powerful grace of the Almighty will overcome all these obstacles. Let us pray that the Lord of the harvest, may send laborers into this uncultivated part of his vineyard. A grand opportunity is now open to secure to Holy Church the charge of these numerous tribes. To do this, however, requires immediate action, or the enemy will creep in and sow the cockle in this virgin soil, as he has already done on the southwest coast of Alaska; and if so, the cockle will take such firm root as to require years of endeavor to eradicate it, if possible even then. The many Indians visited by the now martyred Archbishop and his companions, appealed to him in the most urgent and piteous manner to have the Fathers stay with them and teach them the way to heaven. Shall their appeal be in vain? Shall the labors of the Apostle of Alaska be now lost after having shed his blood to water that promising soil? This is the question now to be considered by all Catholics who have the welfare of souls at heart and desire to raise a monument to the memory of one of the greatest Apostles of Holy Church.

Some miners, lately returned from the Yukon mines, report that about the 1st of September they met Father Tosi and his companions, Fr. Ragaru and Br. Giordano, in their canvas boat, entering the Lewis River. One of the miners, named Kart, knew Fr. Tosi and wanted him to stop; but as the wind was fair, the Father said that he was in a hurry. They had already passed the dangerous places, and the rest of the river is very straight and safe. They had in their boat a miner who was short of provisions; and two other boats were in advance of them. They will be on the Yukon river, long before the small steamer which they hoped to catch; and, from what the miners said, in five days they will reach the store on the Yukon. There had been, as yet, no rain there. The miners spoke highly of Fr. Tosi who helped them in their sickness last winter. From the above information there is good hope that the missionary band will meet

Fr. Robaut before the winter sets in and renders travelling impossible.

The following is taken from a letter of Fr. Robaut written to Very Rev. Fr. Jonckau, Administrator of Vancouver Island, from his lonely post at Anvick, on the Yukon, Alaska, July 31st, 1887.

Extract from a letter of Fr. Robaut.

ANVICK, ON THE YUKON, ALASKA TY.,
July 31st, 1887.

Rev. and dear Father Jonckau,
P. C.

. . . . . .

I must now tell you what has occurred since Fr. Tosi left St. Michael's for San Francisco on the *Dora*. We had expected that either the *Dora* or the *St. Paul* would have taken the body of the Archbishop to San Francisco; but neither of the Captains would consent to it. Then I was confident that Capt. Healy of the revenue cutter, which was expected every day, being himself a Catholic, would surely do it. But even Capt. Healy, though most willing to do any thing he could, said it was not in his power to do it; for, according to the law, a permit from the government must first be obtained. The only way left me then was to bury temporarily the remains of the Archbishop at St. Michael's. As soon therefore as I received this answer from Capt. Healy, I made arrangements for the burial. I chose a corner of the Russian graveyard about 200 yds. from the post, just over the sea, as being the driest place. After the grave had been dug, six white men who happened to be at St. Michael's, carried the coffin to the graveyard. Among those who accompanied the sorrowful procession, were two Presbyterian ministers. On arriving at the grave, I recited the prayers for the dead over the remains of the Archbishop, and blessed the grave. Mr. Romano made, at my suggestion, a large cross to be put over the grave, which will be surrounded by a fence, with a short inscription containing His Lordship's name and titles in Latin, engraved in Roman characters. Now a word about the murderer, Mr. Fuller. At length, on the 6th of July, the long wished-for Capt. Healy arrived. The vessel had scarcely anchored (about three or four miles from shore), when a large steamboat was seen coming towards the post. When it touched land, we per-

ceived that it contained Capt. Healy, an officer and, I believe, ten soldiers in their naval uniform and with swords.

Capt. Healy came ashore and shook hands with us, while the ten soldiers, falling in line, two by two, headed by the officer, came up in true military style. Having arrived at the place where we were standing, the officer, who was at the same time Marshal, inquired of the agent where the murderer was. The tent having been pointed out to him, he led his soldiers to it. He then arrested Fuller in the name of the United States, tied his hands, and marched him off to the vessel.

GALVESTON, TEXAS.

Letter from Fr. John B. Quinlan.

Rev. dear Father,

P. C.

Like to one who had long and earnestly gazed on a work of art and watched it growing in beauty beneath the hand of the artist, until its image became indelibly impressed on the mind, thus have I contemplated our work at Galveston daily growing into stately and solid beauty until, although now absent, its image has become ineffaceably stamped on my soul. A triennium of labor, blessed by God, is to-day completed in the University of St. Mary,—in the parish of the Sacred Heart in Galveston.

At our coming, it is true, we found, through the labors of others, the nucleus of our parish in faithful souls chosen of God; yet we could truly say in the words of Wisdom: 'All things are mingled together, blood, murder, theft and dissimulation, corruption and untruthfulness; forgetfulness of God, defiling of souls, disorder in marriage, and the irregularity of adultery and uncleanness.' During the past three years, many and great things have been done to remedy this. Among others I mention numerous baptisms, many of adults and converts;—six children of one family stood together one day at the baptismal font. Our Sunday-school is attended by 200 children. Many adults have been prepared for first Communion and Confirmation.

Five-minute sermons are preached at the 6 and 8 o'clock Sunday Masses besides the sermons at High Mass and vespers. The jubilee, retreats, panegyrics, etc. preached in our

little church, have given us quite a name for zealous and constant preaching. Nor is attraction wanting; our Rector, the Rev. Fr. J. F. O'Connor, is endowed with rare eloquence and the power of winning souls to God. The fruit is indeed abundant and solid; hardened sinners kneel in the confessional and say: 'Father, help me; I had no idea of coming to confession until I heard Father O'Connor's sermon.' Men outside of the Church come in and mingle their tears of joy with the regenerating waters of baptism. In successive courses of lectures, Fr. O'Connor has explained in clear and glowing language, the Creed, Christian Marriage, the Names of Our Lord, etc. while his incisive pen has made the Spirit of Unbelief writhe in anguish, and cease his blasphemies in the local press. Nor has his zeal been limited to the Island City. It has extended through all Texas, from gulf to Pan Handle.

It is consoling to see the children of the parish advancing like their Divine Model 'in wisdom and age and grace with God and men.' About one hundred and fifty have already made their first Communion and received Confirmation. Their confessions are frequent and they spread through the parish and beyond it, the good odor of Christ.

The University of St. Mary has passed from hand to hand since its foundation Dec. 8th, 1852. Eight times had its directors been changed until finally, on the 21st of June, 1884, it pleased God to hand it over to the Society of Jesus, by the hands of the Rt. Rev. N. Gallagher, Bishop of Galveston. Pious souls prayed for our coming, and they believe that their prayers have been heard. The college has had each year about one hundred day-scholars. Tuition, $4.00 and $6.00 a month. We found education very much neglected, but it is gradually creeping up to our standard.

The parish numbers about 1,600 Catholics. The University buildings, containing our little church, stand in the midst of our people, so that the limits of our parish can be reached on all sides in less than fifteen minutes.

A new church, however, is necessary; and the Rector has already begun the work; pray that God may bless his efforts and the good will of those who labor with him. Even greater success, I trust, is in store for us here in the near future, for Galveston is the key to the grand and developing State of Texas, where there will be found many souls ready to embrace the sweet yoke of Christ.

ECUADOR.

Extract of a letter from the College of the Immaculate Conception, Pifo.

May 25th, 1887.

. . . . . .

Pifo is a little village situated about fifteen miles from Quito, on the eastern slope of the Andes, and on the outskirts of the missions of Marañon. Our college of the Immaculate Conception was opened in 1880; and, almost immediately, furnished an asylum to our scholastics and to the poor exiles of Nicaragua (1881). At present, we have a Novitiate, a Juniorate and a Scholasticate for those who study philosophy; all exactly as in Europe. This is, I believe, our first house of the kind in S. America, since the restoration of the Society.

The climate is very favorable for study. It is neither too cold nor too warm, since we are nearly 9,000 ft. above the level of the sea. We have flowers and sunshine and fresh air all the year round; and, were it not for the strong winds and prolonged rains in winter, we could not distinguish one season from another. Serious illness is almost entirely unknown; so much so that we have no infirmary; nay more, a great many Spanish Fathers and brothers are cured here of lung diseases. So you see, we enjoy great advantages; and being far from the world we can more easily apply ourselves to the study of virtue and science. In our recreations we have for a villa the immense green prairies, where we all spend our vacation much the same as you do at Woodstock, with this exception only, that we can here wear our cassocks outdoors without the least fear; for the people are religious and well disposed towards us.

Our mission, which is a part of the Spanish province of Toledo, includes the three republics of Ecuador, Peru and Bolivia. The college of La Paz is quite flourishing, but that of Lima had to be closed last August, owing to the fury of the masonic lodges. It is feared that before the end of the year we shall be expelled from the republic of Peru. The college at Quito is national; and it numbers, counting both boarders and day-scholars, from three to four hundred

pupils. It is here, undoubtedly, that our Fathers labor with the greatest zeal and freedom. Truly consoling is the part which God has reserved for us in the work of saving souls. Judge for yourself from the following facts which have been transmitted to us from the college in Quito: 'The day of the Annunciation was for us a really beautiful feast. On that day we were urged on, by eloquence in many ways, to love the Blessed Virgin, and to become useful members of our Church and our country. In the morning, Fr. Cordoba, the director of the sodality, assembled the boarders and day-scholars in the college chapel, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion. Then he received the consecration of the approved candidates, gave them Holy Communion, and after some beautiful hymns, appointed the hour of meeting in the evening. At 5 o'clock, all the candidates were again assembled in the chapel. The retiring prefect and the newly elected prefect made pious speeches, exhorting their companions to love of Mary. Their words made a deep impression on the young auditors and served as a powerful incentive to greater fidelity in their duties as sodalists.

On the 23rd of April, three of our Fathers began a mission for the people. They preached successively at the Cathedral and at our own church, so that all might profit by it. On the 27th, Fr. Proaño gave the exercises of St. Ignatius to the men, *caballeros*. They attended in great numbers. The meetings were held in the court house, where a little altar had been erected, so that Mass could be said there. On the second day, the President of the republic, Señor D. Placido Caamaño, was among the auditors; and he was one of the most faithful and most devout. He remarked at the end of the retreat, to one of his ministers: 'This Jesuit Father preaches like the devil. His eloquence is simply irresistible.'

Many of the University students were also present at this retreat, thanks to an incident which occurred a few days previous. Fr. Proaño had told them, during a visit: 'Your University is godless. We can see here the pictures of Bolivar and of Garcia Moreno, but not a single crucifix to show that this is a Christian institution.' These words touched the heart of the director of the establishment, so that he afterwards exhorted the students to attend the exercises, and appointed prefects for each class to see that none might be absent. On the first of April, twenty-eight young men came to Fr. Cordoba asking for a formal retreat of four hours of meditation each day. They were not obliged to ask a second time; their request was granted at once.

Holy Thursday we led our boys to the Cathedral that they might take part in the general Communion of the men. The distribution lasted nearly three quarters of an hour. After this we accompanied the President, who was preceded by a military escort, in his visit to the various repositories of the city. On Good Friday the exercise of the 'Three Hours' was preached; four of our Fathers preaching at the same time, in different churches, to large audiences and with great fruit.' These are a few facts indicative of what the Society accomplishes here for the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

ST. INIGO'S VILLA.

This Season at St. Inigo's was in every way a success. The weather was hot but fair; and there were no mishaps of any kind to mar the pleasure. There was less formal effort made to entertain the community, but the spontaneity of whatever was done attained the end much more effectually. Picnics were largely and generally patronized, so much so that some days the home party might be called the 'picknickers.' Superiors were so bountiful in their provisions, and *chefs* were so plentiful and so obliging, that a dinner *al fresco* did not mean a barmacide feast, but rather presaged the need of a good siesta before the homeward row.

The favorite ground of former days was closed to excursions, as Howgate Island has passed into the hands of a Scotchman named Stevens, who now lives there with his family, and, naturally enough, did not wish the intrusion of strangers—especially of aliens to his faith. But the closing of Howgate led to the discovery of several springs in pleasant places, Cooper's being the most convenient. Gunboat held its own even against Barrel and Tyler. The sunset floating-concerts on Oyster Creek are a delightful feature of villa life.

The Dedication of Fr. Pye Neale's new church of the Holy Face took place on the first Sunday of July. Mr. Powers and a deputation of singers were sent, with no small trouble, to provide the music. The Great Mills are about twelve miles distant by road, and conveyances are not easily had. A schooner had been engaged, but the evening before the great event, the Captain coolly informed Fr. Gaffney that he had changed his mind and accepted another engage-

ment. The only alternative was to ply the oars on a long row. The day was beautiful and visitors came from all parts of the county; some say they numbered six hundred; at all events, it was a very large gathering. The church is a neat little frame building with a pretty belfry, and does credit to the zeal and energy of Fr. Pye Neale, who was delegated by Cardinal Gibbons to dedicate it. Rev. Fr. Provincial sang the High Mass, assisted by Fr. Neale as Deacon and Fr. Tynan as Subdeacon. Mr. Barnum, whose taste and skill had decorated the as yet rough interior of the church, acted as Master of Ceremonies. As the *St. Mary's Beacon* stated, there were singers from England, Spain and France, and it might have added Holland, Germany and Ireland, at least *radicaliter*. Fr. T. Hayes was the preacher. He was supplemented by Rev. Fr. Provincial and Fr. Gaffney. In the afternoon, Fr. Neale recited the rosary and preached in his own simple but effective style. Solemn benediction of the Blessed Sacrament closed the ceremonies of this very eventful day. Rev. Fr. Fulton took advantage of being in the neighborhood to make his official visitation of St. Inigo's and passed a couple of days there.

This year the Fathers and scholastics of Loyola College were invited to enjoy a trip on the *Emma Giles*—a new and swift steamer, modestly called the Pride of Baltimore, and no discredit to her native city; and several availed themselves of the invitation. Perhaps to some the pleasantest parts of the vacation are spent on the Chesapeake. These days on the water are a contrast to the trips on the old *Sue*, when scholastics had to lie round the deck or the saloon until 2 o'clock in the morning, when they would reach their destination fagged out and weary. Times have changed and St. Inigo's popularity is steadily waxing.

The Cardinal showed his appreciation of Fr. Gaffney's active interest in colored schools by sending him a check for $200.00 as his share of the fund raised by the general collection in aid of the Indians and colored people.

ROME.

Letter from Fr. Conway.

UNIVERSITÆTSSTRASSE 8, INNSBRUCK, TYROL.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER,

P. C.

As Rome is a city of churches, it is consequently a city of religious festivals; and as its churches outnumber the days of the year, not a day passes without a grand religious function somewhere within or immediately without the sacred walls. A feast begins usually on the vigil with pontifical vespers and terminates with second vespers on the afternoon of the day itself. This daily change prevents any thing like monotony in a student's life in Rome. Although each of these special feasts ranks as first class, yet even in this supreme rank there are grades, and four there are that may be pre-eminently called great feasts—to wit, the feast of St. Aloysius, that of SS. Peter and Paul, St. Ignatius, and St. Philip Neri, the second apostle of Rome, as he is called.

The body of St. Aloysius rests under the altar, dedicated to him, in the church of St. Ignatius. This church is very large, ranking in size after the great basilicas. If memory serves me rightly I should say that it is nearly as large as St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York; however I give this estimate with some hesitation, and subject to all necessary correction and apology. It was formerly the collegiate church of the Roman College adjoining, and on top of it is the observatory made famous by Fr. Secchi's science and labor. Within, it looks bare and dreary, for it still remains in the unfinished state in which the suppression of the Society found it. At that time all the marbles and precious stones had been collected for its interior adornment, but the brief of suppression came, the work was suspended and the marbles used elsewhere—principally in adorning the interior of the sacristy of St. Peter's and of St. Antony's, from which we can judge how magnificent St. Ignatius' would have been, if circumstances had permitted its completion. Like most of the Roman churches it is cruciform, the arm of the cross on the Epistle side being the chapel of St. Aloysius, and the arm opposite, the chapel of the Annunciation where reposes the sacred dust of Blessed Berchmans.

After his canonization this chapel may possibly be dedicated to him. It is historically true, I believe, that Blessed Berchmans was present in the church when the remains of St. Aloysius were transferred with solemn rite to the chapel then newly dedicated to him; and tradition says that he stood, with the other scholastics of the Roman College in that very chapel where now his blessed body rests, the object of equal honor and veneration with that of the saintly Gonzaga.

The altar-piece over the altar of St. Aloysius, consists of a marble group, seemingly sculptured out of the wall. All the figures are more than life-size; and it represents St. Aloysius being borne into heaven by many angels, while above, the Eternal Father and the Blessed Virgin are waiting to receive him. Beneath the altar is an immense and beautiful urn of *lapis lazuli* richly ornamented with bronze and silver; this contains the *ossa et cineres* of the Saint. In front of this urn is a large plate of crystal, which is removed during the octave of the feast. The remains of Blessed Berchmans, under the opposite altar, are enclosed in an urn the exact counterpart of this. The immediate preparation for the feast was a triduum with sermon and benediction each evening; and on the morning of the vigil the students of the Gregorian University, in accordance with an old tradition, assisted at the panegyric delivered by the venerable Fr. Nannerini, who has devoted his life in a special manner to spreading the devotion of St. Aloysius.

An essential part of a church celebration in Rome is the decoration of the church with red cloth or silk trimmed with gold. This is twined about the pillars or hung in strips along the walls; and it appears very curious and incongruous—very much like painting the lily—to see beautiful marble pillars completely hidden under a mass of very ordinary red bunting, in order to add to the solemnity of the occasion. Yet such is the universal custom observed everywhere from St. Peter's to the domestic chapel; and I have no doubt that like many other inexplicable customs there, for which no one seems able to give a reason, it is the continuation of some very remote tradition, the origin of which has been lost with time and change. Probably it comes from the fact that the first festivals were those of the martyrs who had shed their blood for the faith. It certainly cannot be accounted for on any æsthetic principles, and is, I take it, rather a symbol than an ornament. In accordance with the universal custom, the church of St. Ignatius on the present occasion was draped in red and gold, especially the chapel of St. Aloysius.

Another peculiarity of a Roman church is that no light is used in it except that of oil or candle; indeed I have heard it asserted, though not proved, that any other form of illumination in any part of the church is in direct opposition to canon and rubric. They have not yet reached the gas, and of course still less the electrical, period. Numerous chandeliers, some containing a crown of six, others of eight, others of ten candles, are suspended from the ceiling at short distances from each other. The ropes that hold them work on pulleys so that they can be raised or lowered at pleasure, and arranged into the form of arches and circles and semicircles. The effect is exceedingly beautiful when the church is one blaze of little stars of mellow light. There is one drawback, however, and it is that these Roman candles drip exceedingly and the fervent worshipper, rapt in his devotions and oblivious of all else, is apt to rise from his prayers pretty well waxed and spotted, and with several days of cleansing work in prospect. The first experience is enough, and one learns to mingle his devotion with caution for the future. I think it is no exaggeration to say that over a thousand tapers were burning in the chapel of St. Aloysius alone. I went over to the church at 5.30 A. M. and found it pretty well filled even at that early hour; every altar was engaged, and the people were crowding to receive Communion at the Saint's tomb. The urn was covered with letters directed to the Saint containing petitions for him to deliver personally at the throne of Grace. These letters were enclosed in rich envelopes of silk or satin, with gold and silver embroidery, and the Saint's initial elaborately worked thereon, after the manner of the more precious valentines amongst us. These letters remain there during the entire octave, and are then taken to the church of S. Stefano Rotondo, where on a certain day in the beginning of July, they are publicly burnt with special ritual and great solemnity.

As the altar of St. Aloysius was reserved for Cardinals, Bishops and Monsignori, we who had nothing but the 'customary suit of solemn black' had to be contented with what good luck and the good will of the Master of Ceremonies could do for us. I was fortunate enough to find the altar of St. Joseph free. Before the church of St. Ignatius was built the infirmary of the Roman College occupied its present site, and over the present altar of St. Joseph was the room in which St. Aloysius died. Such at least is the tradition—every spot in Rome is traditional—and I felt just as well satisfied as if I had documentary proof — perhaps better.

Another very singular feature of a church celebration is

the number of venders of pious pictures, prayer books, rosaries, medals, etc., that literally pitch their tents, and erect their booths at the church door, shouting their wares vociferously, and threateningly entreating you to purchase. The steps leading up to the church look like a fair, and one would scarcely be surprised to find merry-go-rounds or a shooting-gallery in some corner. The pictures for sale, it is needless to say, are rich in colours: St. Ignatius in a green cassock, or St. Aloysius with cheeks preternaturally red, clothed in blue, or St. Augustine, in violation of every ecclesiastical regulation, clad in an orange cope over a yellow alb, seated at his desk in full pontificals—mitre, crozier and all—and writing with a steel pen. I am inclined also to think that these salesmen and saleswomen have not as delicate a regard for the truth as the semi-religious nature of their trade would appear to demand. One particularly vigorous young fellow was shouting out without the least apparent apprehension that his statement might be questioned by the incredulous: 'Here is a true and perfect portrait of St. Aloysius—only one cent.' I certainly doubted the assertion, and I had good reason for hoping that it was false. There are about a dozen of these people that travel about from church to church according to the calendar, and they seem to thrive on other people's fervor. The poor beggars too, the blind and the halt, the maimed and the pitiable — every variety of the unfortunate except the dumb—make the same itinerary, begging most earnestly and most eloquently for a pittance. Their petitions are generally in the form of a prayer, in which the name of the Saint whose feast is being celebrated, is prominent. These unfortunates arrange themselves in line on each side of the door, so that all who pass in or out have to run the gauntlet, listening to each one's tale of woe; and invincible ignorance at least will be no excuse there for failing in an act of charity. These poor people have not yet become accustomed to a state of things that makes poverty and deformity almost criminal, and they are remnants of the older times when charity was taught to be more meritorious as a spontaneous act than as a tax obligation.

The Mass at 7.30 was said by Cardinal Mazzella. At this Mass all the students of the Gregorian University went to Holy Communion, together with the hundreds of boys from the Government Lycea that Br. Marchetti has kept together in the Prima Primaria. It was a very impressive spectacle to see these four or five hundred ecclesiastical students from every land under the sun assembled there to honor the youthful Saint who had won his crown by living well the

very life that they were living, in that very place and under identical circumstances; for like them St. Aloysius had been a student of the Gregorian University; and the reflection naturally came to me: suppose Aloysius had followed his father's wishes and had become a powerful local prince, great in the field and welcome at the court, the very name of Gonzaga would long since have been forgotten amongst men, and his whole career summed up in a meaningless *fuit*, if indeed that much would have been remembered. But one could not view this spectacle in the Church of St. Ignatius without realising that it is not *fuit* but *est*. He is still a living power in the world, not a faded memory, still exercising his influence upon the minds of men, and moulding the hearts of the young to higher things. Strange it seemed that the only one of the Gonzagas remembered for his own sake, was the very one that sought to shun the notice of men in the silence of the cloister. No doubt his sorrowing friends and relatives looked upon it as a great disaster when he threw up his worldly prospects for the religious habit, but of course they could not foresee the greater glory of the resurrection. At 10 A. M. there was pontifical High Mass, and pontifical vespers in the afternoon closed a day not readily forgotten. The great church was thronged from early morning, and over four thousand are said to have received Holy Communion.

In the sacristy is a small but beautiful marble altar; it was the first altar erected to him, and was the gift of his mother on the occasion of her son's beatification. It is evident that St. Aloysius is a favorite saint of the Romans, as St. Lawrence was in earlier times. The crowds at all the Masses, the hundreds that thronged to the Holy Table, the carriages that blocked the entrance, all proved that he held the popular heart. It is explained by the fact, that devotion to him was so much inculcated in the Roman College, in which nearly all the youth of the city was educated, and that, notwithstanding changed circumstances, these pious traditions still live and are transmitted from father to son. I think, too, the fact that St. Aloysius was an Italian, together with his youth and the romance that attaches to his heroic renunciation of fame and fortune, have much to do with his popularity.

From the church a long and laborious spiral staircase leads up to a corridor in the Roman College, in which is the room he occupied while he studied there. Is it a mere coincidence that the very room next to his was in after years the room of Blessed Berchmans? These two rooms of such hallowed memories and so dear to us are now

chapels, and for this reason were not touched by the government when it seized the Roman College. Part of the corridor is walled off so as to separate them from the government schools. The room of St. Aloysius is quite spacious, about twice as large as a student's room at Woodstock; but it must have been a dreary place to live in. The ceiling is not plastered, while the floor, as still customary in Roman houses, is of brick. As there are no stoves in winter you can easily imagine the thrill one experiences when he makes his early exit upon this cold pavement—it is certainly not a thrill of pleasure; and it takes many hours to recover from this early shock. Such at least was my experience, and in fact I have scarcely recovered from it yet —the memory of it haunts me still. Besides, the room of St. Aloysius (as of course that of Blessed Berchmans next door to it) had a northern exposure, and you may perhaps be able to form some idea of what the Saint suffered there in holy patience, especially as we know that he was of a delicate constitution. The chapel is besides a kind of pious museum containing numerous relics of the Saint,—letters which he wrote, articles that he used in life, letters which other saints wrote concerning him, notably St. Charles Borromeo and St. Alphonsus Liguori, etc. Here it was that I was brought face to face with the human element in his life, that made me realize fully how after all, he was mere flesh and blood like ourselves—it was the note-book he used as a student of theology. Not even the harmless gunpowder incident upon which preachers and biographers so much insist, could impress me so deeply. It was the touch of nature that makes us all akin. It was encouraging, since it offered reason for hope that we too might one day have a perfect clearing up of all our doubts without the artificial and uncertain aid of a syllogism. This note-book is evidently the *liber papyraceus* into which the lecture was transferred according to rule. It is written neatly and carefully without blot or correction; the hand is a delicate one, but the penmanship can hardly be called good. Indeed after having seen many saints' manuscripts, it was some consolation for me to draw the general conclusion that as a rule they were not expert penmen, and that there is no necessary connection between holiness of life and good writing. It may be well to emphasize this fact for the solace of the struggling many. St. Aloysius had his theses and propositions carefully marked off, while conspicuous marginal notes call attention to difficulties with their solution and explanations. It looks very human indeed, to see that even he with all his ecstatic fervor faced the same difficulties

that we have to encounter, and wrestled with them just like ourselves.

The next great feast chronologically, though of course first in dignity, was that of SS. Peter and Paul. St. Aloysius' might be described as a devotional festival, June the 29th, as one of devout patriotism; it is a kind of religious Fourth of July without fire-crackers, or any other disagreeable symptoms of national enthusiasm. It was celebrated with greater splendor when the Pope still ruled from the Vatican, but even yet some of the old fervor remains. Many of the houses in the neighborhood of the Vatican were decorated for the occasion. Although there was a large crowd at the Mass in the morning, it was small in comparison with the multitude that thronged thither in the afternoon to the grand vespers. On leaving our house, the city seemed to be deserted; not a carriage was to be seen anywhere, and the narrow streets looked as deserted as the streets of Pompeii. But as we neared the direction of St. Peter's the whole city seemed to be going to the basilica. The bridge of the Castel S. Angelo is ever a difficult one to cross, on account of its narrowness and the great traffic that is now carried on between both parts of the city; but on this occasion it seemed to be almost impassable. A long string of carriages extended on both sides of the bridge as far as the eye could see, while half a dozen policemen were kept busy ordering men and carriages. After much difficulty we managed to cross the bridge, and slowly and cautiously picked our steps thence to St. Peter's, for a Roman charioteer has very little regard for a foot passenger. The great piazza of St. Peter's looked like an immense ant hill black with moving figures, while the thunder of cabs and coaches made conversation impossible. I had often visited St. Peter's before, but had never realized its great size until now. The crowd fairly poured into the church in a continuous stream, elbowing and pushing, and yet, once within, it seemed to be lost; there was plenty of room to move about with ease. It seemed to me that it could never be filled. The church was as usual draped in the essential red and gold, and two choirs of men were engaged in singing vespers. For in accordance with the Apostle's injunction, women have no *official* voice in a Roman church. Each of the Great Basilicas has what is called a Papal altar, at which the Pope only officiates. Since 1870 these altars have not been used except on one or two extraordinary occasions, when by special dispensation, some high dignitary has represented His Holiness. The Altar of the Confession, as it is called, is the Papal altar. On great solemnities a temporary altar is erected near it, at

which the services are performed. Beneath is the crypt of the old basilica which stood here before the present St. Peter's was built; it is opened once a year to the public and illuminated on this day; here may be seen one after another the simple tombs of a long line of Pontiffs from St. Linus, the immediate successor of St. Peter. On this day, too, the statue of St. Peter, so familiar to us in its copies, presents a rather odd spectacle. It is decked in sacred vestments of great richness and splendor. Upon the bronze head is an enormous tiara brilliant with jewels and precious stones, a magnificent gold chain around the neck holds a splendid pectoral cross; a red silk cape, richly and elaborately ornamented with gold and silver, envelops the figure; while a great sapphire ring, encircling the two fingers held out in benediction, sparkles with diamonds. This is the well known statue, the right foot of which is continually worn away by the kisses of the devout; it had to be periodically renewed. An interminable stream of people was passing before it, all day apparently, so that muscle was as necessary as piety on the present occasion to testify one's reverence for the Prince of the Apostles. It was difficult to believe that these apparently precious stones which adorn the vestments of the statue, were any thing more than imitations, but I saw them a few days later in the Treasury of St. Peter's and was convinced that they are all genuine. During the octave, the Mamertine Prison on the Capitoline is opened and illuminated. Here it was that the two Apostles were detained previous to their execution. It would be difficult to imagine a dungeon more horrible. It consists of two underground chambers one over the other. The lower one which is the real prison, had originally no communication with the upper save by a hole in the ceiling, still to be seen, about wide enough for a man to pass through; by a rope the unfortunate prisoner was let down into the foul den beneath, dark and damp and terrible, as Sallust has described it. Both chambers are now oratories. Fortunately it is not now necessary to be let down by means of a rope, as a narrow stairway connects the upper with the lower chamber or oratory. In the latter there is a delicious spring of water, called into existence, according to the pious tradition, by St. Peter when he needed water to baptize some of his fellow prisoners. Under the church of Sta. Maria in Via Lata, there is a similar spring produced by St. Paul under like circumstances during the time of his first imprisonment.

The last great feast which we witnessed in Rome was that of Our Holy Father, St. Ignatius, in the Gesù where his body is kept. The Gesù is not a very large church,

comparatively speaking, yet it is one of the most devotional and most frequented, as it certainly is one of the handsomest in that city of splendid churches. The altar of St. Ignatius, on the Gospel side, is a work of wonderful magnificence. The Romans have a saying that Rome possesses the greatest church, the grandest chapel, and the finest altar in the world. The church of course is St. Peter's, the chapel is the Cappella Borghese in St. Mary Major, while the altar so distinguished is that of St. Ignatius in the Gesù. Over the altar is a very ordinary picture of St. Ignatius which is removed on great festivals, revealing a colossal statue of the Saint in his sacred vestments with his arms uplifted to heaven. It seems to be of silver, but I am told that the head only is of that metal. It is a replica of a silver statue which was stolen during the French occupation, when so many sacred places were plundered—not excepting the Vatican itself. The urn or coffin containing the Saint's body is of bronze and silver. One of the ornaments of this altar is a globe of *lapis lazuli* said to be the largest single piece of that precious stone in existence. The Masses began on the morning of the feast at a very early hour. Cardinal Mazzella said Mass at the altar of St. Ignatius at 5 A. M. and many other purpled dignitaries followed him, amongst whom I saw Cardinals Zigliara and Monaco de la Valetta. The latter is one of the most distinguished members of the Sacred College, and a man held in the highest esteem. He is a devoted friend of the Society, and was much attached to our late V. Rev. Fr. General and to Cardinal Franzelin.

I may be allowed a digression to relate an edifying anecdote concerning Cardinal Monaco de la Valetta. He is one of the six suburban Cardinal-Bishops, being the titular of Albano. A couple of months ago one of our Fathers happened to be in Albano giving a retreat to the clergy of the diocese, and one morning he found himself vested for Mass without a server. The Cardinal happened to be kneeling at the altar making his thanksgiving, but he instantly rose and insisted upon serving the Mass himself. The Cardinal Vicar, another distinguished ecclesiastic and devout prelate, never lets an opportunity pass without showing his good will to us. On the morning of the 31st, he said Mass in the room of St. Ignatius, and ordained at the same time a couple of students to the priesthood. The rooms of our Holy Father were three in number—if indeed one can be called a room, for in reality it is merely a passage-way connecting the two other rooms; so we shall merely consider two of them. One seems to have been both sitting and sleeping-room, while the other was an oratory in which he used to say

Mass and hold communion with God. It needs not the numerous relics of the Saint, and of others of our saints and beatified which are exposed here, to make the room inexpressibly dear to a child of the Society. It is holy ground, and one walks therein with awe, passing through the same doors through which the Saint had so often passed in life, and gazing upon the same objects which must have been so familiar to him. The rooms are low and gloomy and smaller than those of St. Aloysius and Blessed Berchmans in the Roman College; they are also very dark, since, in both cases, the small window is off in a corner. The window of the oratory opens on to a little porch, just the width of the window itself; and here it was that St. Ignatius loved to sit for hours gazing up into the beautiful Italian sky, and meditating upon the glory that is beyond it. The spot where he knelt when he had that ecstatic vision of the Trinity is marked in another corner of the room. Here too is a very interesting relic in the form of a wooden figure, representing the exact height of the Saint and clothed in the identical vestments in which he used to say Mass. Even the slippers and biretta are those which belonged to him in life. His sitting-room is also rich in sacred memories, many of which are recorded in mural inscriptions. At that altar St. Charles Borromeo said his second Mass; hither St. Philip Neri used frequently to come to hold pious converse with St. Ignatius himself; here knelt St. Francis de Sales and St. Alphonsus di Liguori; here, too, St. Francis Borgia was received into the Society, and it was in this very room that he, in after years, received the foot-sore boy pilgrim from Poland, whose name and fame were to be immortal in the annals of the Church. It is easy to imagine with what divine fervor St. Aloysius, St. Stanislaus, Bl. Berchmans, and numerous other holy members of the Society, used to visit this sacred spot and pray before this hallowed shrine. I believe that St. Francis Borgia and Fr. Laynez occupied this room during their generalship; but every other glory is eclipsed in the splendor of its first occupant. It is mentioned in the Guide Books as a point of interest, and many English and American Protestants visit it.

It had been an old custom for the Abbot of the Benedictines of St. Paul's *fuori le mura* to dine in the Professed House on the feast of St. Ignatius while our V. Rev. Fr. General reciprocated on the feast of St. Benedict. Since the curia has been in Fiesole there has been an interruption of this custom on the side of Fr. General, but the Benedictine Abbot still comes to show his good will, not of course to

the Professed House, which is now a barrack, but to its substitute, the Palazzo Borromeo; and when Fr. Beckx returned to Rome after laying down the burthen of office, he never failed to pay his annual visit to the great monastery of St. Paul's on the feast of St. Benedict.

The last of the great feasts was about our last day in Rome, and it was a relief to get out of the city, which two months of great and constant heat had made almost unbearable. Fortunately there were no Fahrenheit thermometers, for the knowledge of the exact state of things might have intensified our sufferings; 35° or 37° Centigrade looked innocent enough, and both means and inclination were wanting to raise it to the more intolerable Fahrenheit standard. As we suffered more from the cold in winter here than at home, so too, we found the heat in summer more trying. The cold is felt so much because, little as it is, there is no precaution against it. The heat too is more intolerable, for windows have to be closed from sunset to sunrise, and negligence on this point may result very seriously. Through the kindness of Cardinal Mazzella, to whom we are indebted for many favors during our stay in Rome we received the honor of an audience with His Holiness before leaving. He spoke affectionately of the Church in the United States and praised the labors of the Society there, exhorting us to follow in the footsteps of our worthy predecessors. He gave us his hand to kiss and blessed us, placing his hand upon our heads. To our request that he would deign to bless the Province and all its colleges and houses, he cheerfully acquiesced. Then he stretched forth his right foot and told us to kiss it which we did with becoming fervor. He is more aged than his pictures represent him to be; he is very spare, a mere shadow, but by no means as dark in complexion as one would judge from his photographs; he stoops slightly, but a close view dispels the idea of feebleness received from seeing him at a distance. Although his hand shakes almost as one palsied, yet his voice is firm and strong, very deep and very nasal, and his eye is bright and indicative of mental vigor. His manner is kind and condescending, but it is the condescension of one who is conscious of the great dignity he bears.

The next morning we left Rome, and it was pleasant, a few days after having suffered so much from the heat of the eternal city, to be gazing upon great fields of snow crowning the Alps around us here in Innsbruck, and tempering pleasantly the surrounding atmosphere.

Yours in Xt.,

J. A. Conway, S. J.

MACON, GEORGIA.

St. Stanislaus', Vineville,
Feast of St. Michael, 1887.

Reverend Dear Father,
P. C.

Macon, the beautiful central city of Georgia, is picturesquely seated on its many wooded hills. Its large and winding river, the Ocmulgee, almost bounds the city on the east; although, beyond the river, East Macon forms a very important suburb, with its factory and villages and farm-houses on the charming eastern heights overlooking the river and the city. The population of Macon is about 35,000, and if the suburbs were taken in, it would be about 40,000. Fully one-half of this number are colored people.

Among these 40,000 souls, there are only a few over 700 Catholics according to census taken by Rev. Fr. Butler, May, 1887; but these make up in a great measure by their fervor what they lack in number. Pray that the Society of Jesus may in a few years be able to reverse these numbers and to say in the spirit of the great St. Gregory Thaumaturgus: Thanks to God! We found only 700 Catholics at our entrance and now all the inhabitants of this city are Catholics, save 700.

Macon is a busy, bustling, joyous little city. It is situated in the very heart of a state unsurpassed for fertility of soil and salubrity of climate. More than a dozen railroads bring life and wealth into it from all points of the compass. It has handsome churches and public buildings. It is famed for its beautiful and extensive park in which the State Fair is soon to be held. Its system of street cars is admirable. Its fire companies are well organized. It is a great cotton market. Its wholesale hardware, drapery, and grocery establishments would do credit to our larger cities. Our two newspapers, *The Macon Telegraph* and *The Macon Evening News*, are excellent journals, and represent Catholic affairs impartially.

The whole community, Catholic and Protestant, are most friendly to the Society of Jesus and glad to see us amongst them. We are firmly settled down here now, and in working order.

The college, formerly Pio Nono, now St. Stanislaus', was founded in 1874 by the Right Rev. W. H. Gross, then Bishop of Savannah, now Archbishop of Portland, Oregon; and chartered with powers to confer degrees on the 24th of February 1876. It was conducted by secular priests, aided by lay professors, under the supervision of the Bishop.

The college is at a half hour's drive from the city to the N. W., a charming route through the most fashionable suburbs, passing by the famous Wesleyan Female College once visited by the celebrated John Wesley in person. St. Stanislaus' College occupies the most beautiful site in or about Macon. It is a five story brick building, standing in the midst of its fifty acres of fertile land, surrounded by its beautiful woods of oak and pine.

The view from the college is one of great beauty and grandeur. To the S. E., the city spires and principal buildings shoot up into the pure atmosphere from the midst of shady avenues of giant elms. The Ocmulgee displays its graceful windings. Wood-crowned heights are seen on every side, dotted with lovely residences, while a cultivated and fertile country spreads all around.

Nor does it bear the name of Vineville in vain. At a short distance from St. Stanislaus' is found the extensive and famous vineyard of Mr. Anthony. He grows fourteen kinds of grapes there, and makes many thousand gallons of wine annually, selling none for less than two or three dollars a gallon. Our land is the same as his, and we, too, will have our vineyard. At present about one-fourth of our land is cultivated and produces corn, vegetables, etc., under the skilful and zealous direction of Fr. Meriwether, who was formerly President of Agricultural Societies in Georgia. Dust and musquitoes are not found at St. Stanislaus'.

It is Thursday to-day and the feast of St. Michael. The sound of sacred music and the sweet voices of the scholastics swell forth from the chapel; little groups are wandering over the college grounds and beyond. From my window I see our good brothers clearing up the magnificent carriage drive in front of the college, making winding foot-ways and tilling the soil, while our faithful colored man, with his mule and plough, turns over the rich earth. The noise of the brick-layer's trowel and the carpenter's hammer mingle with rural sounds.

Our Rev. Fr. Superior of the Mission, Theo. W. Butler, has performed a good work in bringing the Society to Macon. Amid all that he has done A. M. D. G. this will hold a prominent place. But what a work of preparation! He found the immense pile as lonely as Tennyson's *Deserted*

House; yea even buried in debt, a reproach to the Catholic name, and about to pass into the hands of those outside the Church. Our mission paid this debt. Imagine what cleaning up, plastering, painting, carpentering, glazing, buying of furniture and household goods, fitting up study-halls, refectory, dormitories, private rooms, and a now beautiful chapel, with its life-size oil painting of St. Stanislaus, that charms every beholder, and its pictures of our Holy Founder and his sainted children. The work was laborious, for a house was prepared not for a few individuals but for a community that already numbers sixty-five souls;—seven Fathers, fourteen scholastics (juniors), seventeen scholastic novices, twenty coadjutor novices, three professed brothers, and four workmen. May they go on, we pray, increasing in numbers and virtue.

Then to assemble all these here! Florissant sent its detachment. New Orleans, Spring Hill, Galveston, Augusta, Selma, Mobile, had to part with some of their members. Though they tried to arrive quietly and pass unobserved to St. Stanislaus', they were observed and admired. They arrived in small bands of fives and sevens, until finally Fr. Tyrrell arrived like a valiant leader, as he is, with his company of seventeen, enlisted in Spain, France, Belgium and England, to raise the number to the sixties. The *status* is as follows: Rev. J. Brislan, Rector and Master of Novices; Fr. Winkelried, Minister; Fr. W. Power, Professor of juniors (second year); Fr. Stritch, Professor of juniors (1st year). It is pleasant to hear frequently in all parts of the city the sweet name of St. Stanislaus, in the mouth of Jew and gentile, familiar as a household word.

Our coming here bears marks of a special providence of God. Some think that Blessed Berchmans bestowed this favor as a reward for the zeal and labor of the members of our Mission for his canonization; and when the subject was spoken of in presence of our Right Rev. Bishop, he significantly said: 'A few years ago I held in my hand the heart of Blessed Berchmans.'

The Right Rev. Bishop and the clergy of the diocese of Savannah made their retreat this year at St. Stanislaus'. It was conducted by the Rev. Fr. D. McKiniry, President of Spring Hill College, Mobile; and was in every respect a grand success. The priests expressed a desire to have their retreat always at St. Stanislaus'.

Our parish of St. Joseph includes the city of Macon and more than ten miles round about the city. Our present church and residence are situated at the extreme east end of the city, one block from the river. We have purchased

a lot in the very heart of the city on which to build a church and residence. Fr. Quinlan and Fr. Heidenkamp have charge of the parish and dwell at the little residence near the church. On week-days, Masses at 6 and 7 o'clock; on Sundays, Mass and short sermon at 7 o'clock, High Mass and sermon at 10.30 o'clock; in the evening, at 7.30, rosary, vespers, sermon and benediction; Sunday-school and Mass for the children, and a sermon suitable for them at 9 o'clock. About one hundred and twenty children attend. At 4 P. M. Sunday-school for colored children and adults.

Our parish schools are in charge of the Sisters of Mercy. They receive salaries from the Board of Education. We give Religious Instruction to the children during one hour each day. The devotion of the nine First Fridays we found established by the good Sisters, and as many as sixty approached Holy Communion on the first Fridays. The Sisters have also an excellent boarding academy and day-school, Mount De Sales Academy. It is well attended and enjoys a high reputation for science and piety. We have a St. Vincent De Paul Society, and Catholic Knights. We have opened a parochial circulating library which numbers already sixty subscribers and is full of promise for good in the future. We were able to present sixty-seven children and adults to the Bishop for Confirmation.

We have received some adults into the Church, others are preparing. We are now occupied with the establishment of the Apostleship of Prayer, the Sodality of the B. V. M. and the Bona Mors, amongst our people. Fr. W. Power of St. Stanislaus' comes often to preach at St. Joseph's and is highly esteemed by the people as a brilliant and practical exponent of God's word. Pray that we may be fitting instruments for good in the hand of God.

I am Reverend dear Father,

Servus in Xto.,

JOHN B. QUINLAN, S. J.

COLOMBIA.

Extract from a letter of Fr. Nicholas Caceres.

There are at present in Bogota, ten priests, two scholastics and five brothers. Our Fathers are engaged here in giving retreats to clergy and laity. In the Novitiate at Chapinero there are twelve scholastic and two coadjutor novices; postulants are numerous but they cannot be received until the building is enlarged. In the college at Medellin, the capital of Antioquia, there are four Fathers, three scholastics and four brothers. The Rector of this college is Fr. Mario Valenzuela, who is also Superior of the Mission. Fr. R. Tummolo resides here.

The Bishop of Pasto, Mgr. Ignacio Velazco, S. J., is very friendly to our Fathers; he gave them his seminary and brought several Jesuits from Europe, some for his own diocese and some for the Indian mission. This mission is in a place called Caqueta, and the government gives $2,000.00 every year for its support.

In Panama there are five Jesuits, who teach in the seminary, give missions and visit the sick in the hospitals. They meet with great success especially in the hospital of the canal. The Bishop of Panama, Mgr. Peralta, who was educated in Rome, in the Collegio Pio Americano, is also very generous to our Fathers.

In the missionary band of Colombia there are three Jesuits. Our Fathers are asked for from all parts of the republic, and more colleges could be opened if we had more laborers for this vineyard.

TWO GOLDEN JUBILEES.

Father Isidore Daubresse.

The venerable Fr. Daubresse, so well known and so much respected in New York by both clergy and laity, who directed for several years in Canada and New York the first steps in the religious life of so many members of this province, was the recipient, on Sept. 4th, of the congratulations of his many spiritual children and admiring friends. As this is not the place nor this the occasion for writing the life of the venerable Father, so full of interest and edification, we shall quote the notice of the event as published in the October number of the *Xavier*. 'On Sunday, Sept. 4th, Rev. Isidore Daubresse, S. J., was the celebrant of the solemn High Mass of thanksgiving in honor of the 50th anniversary of his elevation to the Priesthood. The Deacon was Rev. P. F. Dealy, S. J., and the Subdeacon, Rev. T. Thiry, S. J. His Grace, Archbishop Corrigan, was present in *Magna Cappa*, assisted by Vicar-General Rev. F. Donnelly and Mgr. Farley as Deacons of honor. Rev. J. J. Murphy, S. J., President of the college, Rev. T. Campbell, S. J., President of Fordham College, Rev. Chas. McDonald, D. D., Rev. Fathers Healy, Powers, Larkin, O'Callaghan, McNamee, and others, were present in the sanctuary. The sermon on the Priesthood was preached by Rev. John F. X. O'Conor, S. J., Vice-President of the college. Among the other guests of the college who were present in the sanctuary were Mr. Joseph O'Donoghue, Lieutenant Webster, U. S. N., Mr. Chas. O'Connor, and Dr. R. Wood. During the day Rev. Father Daubresse received many congratulations from his old pupils, his novices, and those who had been under his spiritual guidance for many years.'

Father Joseph Weber.

On Thursday, the 29th of September, St. Joseph's Church of St. Louis, Mo., was the scene of a beautiful and touching celebration. It was the fiftieth anniversary of the entrance into religion of the Rev. Joseph Weber. We take the following account of the celebration from the *Amerika* of that city:

'At 10 A. M. the Reverend septuagenarian, assisted by Fr. Tschieder S. J., of Chicago, as Deacon, and Fr. De Meester S. J., of Normandy, Mo., as Subdeacon, offered up a solemn High Mass of thanksgiving; Fr. Stuntebeck S. J. of the St. Louis University, acting as Master of Ceremonies. After the Gospel, Fr. Tschieder ascended the pulpit; he chose for his text: 'This is the day which the Lord hath made; let us be glad and rejoice therein,' and in a few words, suited to the occasion, referred to the sacrifices, the sufferings and the joys of a religious life. Many of the Reverend clergy honored the festival with their presence. There were in the sanctuary, besides the Reverend pastors of St. Joseph's Church, many both of the secular and regular clergy.

At the end of Mass, benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament was given to the people, after which the Reverend celebrant intoned the *Te Deum*. During the day many congratulations were received by letter and telegram. Numerous too and elegant were the remembrances with which his friends honored and delighted the aged priest. Among others may be mentioned that of Fr. Servatius Altmicks, O. S. F., who had sent a beautiful and useful present made by the Indians of Harbor Springs, Mich. Nor did the members of the congregation forget their venerable pastor on this occasion; for, on the day previous, representatives of the married ladies' and young ladies', the married men's and young men's sodalities repaired to his residence to offer their congratulations and tributes of affection. In the evening of the feast, committees of the school and building associations assembled in the parish school-house to tender their beloved pastor suitable addresses and gifts. The evening of this memorable day was crowned by the St. Cecilia choir of St. Joseph's Church, who closed the Jubilee festivities with several beautiful selections and a well rendered *Te Deum*.'

ENGLISH MARTYRS.

I. MARTYRS OF THE SOCIETY.

Blessed Edmund Campion, *hanged at Tyburn* . . . . . *Dec. 1, 1581*
" Alexander Briant " " " . . . . . " " "
" Thomas Cottam " " " . . . . . *May 30, 1582*
" John Nelson " " " . . . . . *Feb. 3, 1578*
" Thomas Woodhouse " " " . . . . . *Jun. 19, 1573*
Venerable John Cornelius " " *Dorchester* . . . . . *Jul. 4, 1594*
" Robert Southwell " " *Tyburn* . . . . . *Feb. 21, 1595*
" Henry Walpole " " *York* . . . . . *Apr. 7,* "
" Roger Filcock " " *Tyburn* . . . . . *Feb. 27, 1601*
" Robert Middleton " " *Lancaster* . . . . . *March* "
" Francis Page " " *Tyburn* . . . . . *Apr. 20, 1602*
" Edward Oldcorne " " *Worcester* . . . . . " *7, 1606*
" Ralph Ashley " " " " " "
" Nicholas Owen *Racked to death in the tower* . . . *May 3,* "
" Thomas Garnet *hanged at Tyburn* . . . . . *Jun. 23, 1608*
" Edward Arrowsmith " " *Lancaster* . . . . . *Aug. 28, 1628*
" Thomas Holland " " *Tyburn* . . . . . *Dec. 12, 1642*
" Ralph Corby " " " . . . . . *Sept. 7, 1644*
" Henry Morse " " " . . . . . *Feb. 1, 1645*
" Brian Cansfield *Died from effects of prison* . . . *Aug. 3,* "
" Peter Wright *hanged at Tyburn* . . . . . *May 19, 1651*
" Edward Mico *Died in Newgate* . . . . . *Dec. 3, 1678*
" Thomas Downes " " *the Gatehouse* . . . . . *Dec. 21,* "
" William Ireland *Hanged at Tyburn* . . . . . *Jan. 24, 1697*
" Thomas Whitbread " " " . . . . . *Jun. 20,* "
" William Harcourt " " " . . . . . " " "
" John Fenwick " " " . . . . . " " "
" John Gavan " " " . . . . . " " "
Venerable Anthony Turner, *Hanged at Tyburn* . . . . . *Jun. 20, 1679*
" Philip Evans " " *Cardiff* . . . . . *Jul. 22,* "
" Charles Baker " " *Usk* . . . . . *Aug. 27,* "
" Fr. Thomas Metham, *Died in Wisbech Castle* . . *Jun.* *1592*
" Henry Garnet, *Hanged at St. Paul's churchyard* *May 3, 1606*
" Richard Bradley, *Died in Manchester Gaol* . . . *Jul. 20, 1645*
" John Felton " " *prison* *1646*
" Thomas Jenison " " " . . . . . *Sept. 27, 1679*

Venerable William Atkins *died in Stafford Gaol . . . . Mar. 7, 1681*
" Richard Lacy " " *Lincoln* " . . . . " *11*, "
" Edward Turner " " *Gatehouse* . . . . . " *19*, "
" William Bentney " " *Leicester Gaol* . . . . *Oct. 13, 1691*

II. POSTULANTS, HOSPITES, ETC. OF THE SOCIETY.

1 Beatus, 19 Venerabiles.

III. MARTYRS OF OUR ENGLISH COLLEGE, ROME.

4 Beati, 35 Venerabiles, 4 Dilati.

IV. MARTYRS OF OUR COLLEGE OF VALLADOLID.

23 Venerabiles.

V. MARTYRS OF OUR COLLEGE OF SEVILLE.

7 Venerabiles.

VI. MARTYRS OF ST. OMER'S COLLEGE.

19 Venerabiles, 3 Dilati.

(From the *Letters and Notices* of Roehampton.)

Catalogus Sociorum
Missionis
AMERICÆ FŒDERATÆ
SOCIETATIS JESU
Ineunte Anno 1808.

R. P.
ROBERTUS MOLYNEUX
SUPERIOR MISSIONIS
A Die 27 Junii, 1805.

IN DISTRICTU COLUMBIÆ

COLLEGIUM GEORGIOPOLITANUM

R. P. Robertus Molyneux, *Rector a die 1 Octobris, 1806*
P. Franciscus Neale, *Mag. nov., Præf. eccl. SS. Trinit., Excurr. ad Alexandriam, Novitius*
P. Antonius Kohlmann, *Soc. mag. nov., Prof. philos., Catech. et conc. in T., Excurr. ad Alexandriam.*
P. Petrus Epinette, *Prof. theol. et ling. hebr.*

AUDITORES THEOLOGIÆ

Nov. schol. a die 10 Octobris, 1806

Benedictus J. Fenwick
Enoch Fenwick
Jacobus Spink
Leonardus Edelen

AUDITORES PHILOSOPHIÆ

Nov. schol. ab eodem die

Carolus Bowling, *Doc. in coll.*
Gulielmus Queen, *Doc. in coll.*
Jacobus Ord, *Doc. in coll.*
Michael White, *Doc. ling. lat. et græc. in coll.*

A die 10 Octobris, 1807

Adamus Marshall
Jacobus Redmond
Jacobus Wallace, *Doc. math. in coll.*
Michael Magan
Thomas Kelly

NOVITII COADJUTORES

A die 10 Octobris, 1806

Joannes McElroy — Patritius McLaughlin

A die 10 Octobris, 1807

Gualterus Baron — Josephus Mobberly
Laurentius Lynch

A die 6 Decembris, 1807

Josephus Marshall

IN STATU MARYLANDIÆ

RESIDENTIA AD S. THOMÆ

P. Carolus Neale, *Super., Dirig. Moniales Montis Carmeli*
P. Joannes Henry, *Oper., Excurr.*
P. Carolus Wouters, *Oper., Excurr.—Nov.*

RESIDENTIA AD S. IGNATII

P. Sylvester Boarman, *Oper.*

RESIDENTIA AD NEWTOWN

P. Franciscus Malevé, *Oper., Excurr.*

IN STATU PENNSYLVANIÆ

RESIDENTIA PHILADELPHIENSIS
Ad SS. Trinitatis

P. Adamus Britt, *Oper.*

RESIDENTIA LANCASTRIENSIS
Ad S. Mariæ

P. J. Gulielmus Beschter, *Oper., Excurr.—Nov.*

Residentiæ Conewaginensis, Goshenhoppenensis, et ad S. Josephi, Philadelphiæ, in Statu Pennsylvaniæ; et Bohemiensis, Fridericopolitana, Alba Paludana, et ad S. Josephi in comitatu Talbot, in Statu Maryland., propter penuriam Nostrorum, ab aliis sacerdotibus occupantur.

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SACERDOTES			
P. Neale *Carolus*	10 Oct. 1751	7 Sep. 1771	13 Nov. 1806
P. Neale *Franciscus*	2 Jan. 1756	10 Oct. 1806	
O Q R S			
SCHOLASTICI			
Ord *Jacobus*	7 Jan. 1789	10 Oct. 1806	
Queen *Gulielmus*	7 Jan. 1789	10 Oct. 1806	
Redmond *Jacobus*	2 Nov. 1776	10 Oct. 1807	
Spink *Jacobus*	17 Mar. 1768	10 Oct. 1806	
W			
SACERDOS			
P. Wouters *Carolus*	8 Apr. 1771	10 Oct. 1807	
SCHOLASTICI			
Wallace *Jacobus*	11 Mar. 1787	10 Oct. 1807	
White *Michael*	7 Jan. 1789	10 Oct. 1806	

OBITUARY.

Father John Grene.

(*Communicated by Fr. Matthew Russell.*)

Father Grene, from whose notes the foregoing sketch has been drawn up,[1] died before the first part appeared in print. He was born on the 26th of October, 1807, the oldest son of an old and widely connected family possessing a considerable estate near Limerick. Like Aloysius and Rudolph in a higher grade, he resigned his patrimony in favor of his younger brother, and entered the noviceship of the Society of Jesus in his nineteenth year. His vocation was not, as so often happens, suggested by his place of education, for he had not graduated at Clongowes but was a pupil of a secular priest, the Rev. Joseph Joy Dean, who for some years kept a school at Blanchardstown (near Dublin) of which he was P. P. This good priest's name is still found on the title-page of a very popular book of Devotions to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, which he was the first to edit in Ireland. Father Grene's life as a Jesuit was spent chiefly in the colleges of Clongowes and St. Stanislaus, Tullabeg. He also worked for a short time in the Church of the Sacred Heart, Limerick, and was for some years Socius to the Provincial, the late Father Edmund O'Reilly. Father Grene was a man of singular simplicity of character, of most vivid faith, and a devoted son of the Catholic Church and of the Society of Jesus. When he died on the 4th of February 1887, he was in his eightieth year. He is buried in the beautiful cemetery of Glasnevin, near Dublin. May he rest in peace.

Mr. Thomas Boland.

Mr. Boland was born in the year 1857. Brought up in San Francisco, he attended our College of St. Ignatius and graduated with the degree A. B., in the year 1876. While at college his conduct was exemplary. In the yard he was full of life, but in the class-room, a model of attention. For several years he belonged to the Sanctuary Society, and his companions still remember the influence for good which he constantly exercised over the younger and more light-headed members. After leaving college he studied law for more than a year, but, though his talents were above the average, he gave up that profession, to enter the Society of Jesus. Accordingly, on the 23rd of August 1878, he began his first probation in Santa Clara College.

On his entrance into the novitiate he made up his mind to become a saint, and it is said of him as of so many others who have reached high perfection, that he seldom had to be warned of the same fault twice. Humility and self-abnegation seemed to be his favorite virtues, for he studiously concealed his mental gifts, and appeared desirous to pass for one of little, or no capacity. In his studies this was most apparent. It must not, however, be supposed that he neglected these, for no one was more diligent. He recognised his strict obligation of studying, but he did not consider himself equally obliged to exhibit the knowledge thus laboriously acquired. He studied for God, and to God he left the disposal of himself and all his acquirements and gifts.

He had an excellent gift of oratory. When, however, there was only

[1] Cfr. pp. 125–136; and pp. 217–225.

question of preaching in the refectory he would stammer and falter like a child; but when there was any public work of zeal to be done, as for instance, in preaching to the boys, his intense feeling, his flow of language, and his delivery would take one by storm.

He had no wants; we were obliged to watch him to see that he was properly clothed. He had no grievances; whatever happened to him, he received from the hands of God. During the seven years that the writer was with him he never heard an uncharitable word pass his lips, nor any thing in the remotest degree approaching a criticism of superior, professor, equal or inferior. He was constantly suffering in body, yet nothing, but the physical change of complexion caused by disease, betrayed his secret. His observance of rules was most exact; he was never noticed to violate a single one advertently. Nor is this individual testimony; it is that of all those who ever lived with him. Yet this was not the effect of a sluggish temperament; for he had strong passions. Those who knew him as a boy say that he was inclined to be hot-tempered, and he was often seen when more than usually annoyed, betraying all the signs of an interior conflict. His color would change, his fingers play nervously, his lips move as if on the point of uttering some words, but he never failed. In a minute all would be over, and he would be as calm as before. That he keenly felt any injury is evident, for he had a most tender heart. When we were at our studies, we used to visit the public hospital from time to time in order to assist the priest that had charge of the sick, and often have we been astonished at the tenderness and zeal wherewith he would urge some poor wretch to prepare himself for death. Often, too, while reading in the refectory would his feelings get the better of him, as the author recounted some tale of sanctity or devotion above the common. Hence his continual victories over himself could only have been the fruits of heroic virtue.

There is no need to say any thing of his spirit of prayer. He *must* have prayed. No matter what pain he suffered he was never seen to take an easy attitude either in the chapel or the church. What happened in his room, we have no means of telling, but we have seen him come from prayer and the sacraments with a countenance that spoke of more than ordinary peace and joy. Let us therefore pass on to the last days of his life.

In August, 1886, he came to St. Ignatius' College, San Francisco, to teach. His time was fully employed. His class of 1st grammar contained 50 boys; that of 2nd arithmetic, about 40; that of penmanship, the same number; and in Latin and Greek he had about 30. About Christmas-time he began to visit the doctor quite frequently, but what was the matter with him he never told us. His secret was God's, his superiors' and his own. It leaked out, however, when the doctor told one who had accompanied him upon one of his visits, that 'Mr. Boland had chronic heart-disease.' Still he went bravely on. He did not seek to be relieved of a single class, nor of a single community exercise, not even of the daily walk. He went from class to class calmly, as if he was in the most robust health, so that none of us knew that the end was so near. He, however, knew it, for the doctor had told him that he could live but one year at the most, and he was preparing himself for the end. On the 31st of May the vacation began, and on the 10th of June, he went with the other teachers to the villa. At dinner-time on the 12th, the superior noticed that he was not at table, and sent one to call him. The messenger went as he was bid, but on entering the room he found Mr. Boland stretched upon his bed, cold in death. He had died as he had lived a martyr of the hidden life.

This, then, is a brief sketch of an heroic life, of a death sudden, but as all must confess, not unprovided for. We can learn many lessons from his life. Once when speaking to one of the superiors of his apparently excessive self-abnegation, only this reply was received: 'Omnis spiritus laudet Dominum.' It seemed that he was hiding his light under a bushel, that he was actually injuring the service of God by concealing the talents

that had been bestowed upon him; but that God, who ordains the service of angels and saints in a most wonderful order, and who never intended that his servant should glorify him in the active life of our ministry, was ever leading him onward and upward by this way to high perfection in this life, and, we doubt not, has now crowned him with great glory in heaven.—R. I. P.

Father René Prieur.

Father René Prieur was born in a small town in the department of the Sarthe in France, on July the 22nd, 1853. Having studied for five years in the school of his native place, he entered the seminary, but for a few months. In obedience to a call from on high, he applied to Father de Ponlevoy, then master of novices, for admission into the Society. He was received towards the end of 1874, and from the moment of his entrance till the day of his death, denying himself and taking up his cross generously he was a faithful follower of Jesus.

After a successful course of philosophy at Laval, under the regretted Father Brambring, Fr. Prieur was sent as prefect to the College of Vaugirard. There and in the College of le Mans, in which he taught grammar, the young scholastic remained a novice in fervor. Doing much for God and for his pupils, he never thought of worldly praise or of human rewards; his motto was that of a humble Jesuit: *agere et tacere.*

The practical piety, which had endeared him to his brethren in religion, inflamed his heart with such a love of his divine Master, that in order to follow him more closely among the trials and difficulties of the apostolic life, he asked of his superiors to be sent to the mission of the Rocky Mountains

Father Prieur was of a delicate constitution though showing no symptoms of disease; and it was the persuasion that the climate of the Indian mission would benefit his health, that decided his superiors to grant his request.

In 1886, after his fourth year of theology, he sailed from Jersey, and on landing in America repaired to Frederick to make his third year of probation and thus equip himself for the work of a missionary of the Society. But our Lord had already accepted the generous sacrifice he had made of his life; after a few days' stay at Frederick, he felt the first symptoms of the malady which was so soon to end his life. A cold, caught during his voyage from Europe and which he had neglected, had settled upon his lungs, and he was soon a confirmed consumptive. The disease made rapid headway, and in seven months completed its work; not, however, before his superiors had done all in their power to save his life.

Sent to the College of Santa Clara, in California, where the winters are mild, Fr. Prieur found here, as at Frederick, much consolation in the charity of the Fathers, but experienced no improvement in health; his recovery was now considered hopeless.

Bearing his sufferings with the most edifying resignation, he calmly and patiently awaited the moment of his departure for heaven. In the early part of May, being strong enough to go to Spokane Falls, he repaired thither, in compliance with the wishes of his superior, Fr. Cataldo, who was still hopeful of his recovery. Fr. Prieur had for his last consolation before dying, the happiness of living a few days among his dear Indians. Towards the end of July he was summoned to enjoy in heaven the presence of that divine Master, whom he had so ardently desired to follow closely on earth. 'Veni sequere me' was the loving invitation which he heard in spirit; he yielded his soul into the hands of his Maker, and the Society had one more protector in heaven.—R. I. P.

Father Maurice Oakley.

On Tuesday, August 9th, at 2.30 P. M. after a long, tedious and trying illness, Father Maurice Oakley breathed his last in the seventy-third year of his age. He was born December 21st, 1814, in Grammont, East Flanders, of a good family, and received a liberal education. He was just finishing his Latin course, at the age of sixteen, when the Belgian revolt against Holland broke out, and at once enrolling himself in a cavalry corps, he joined the army. The war over, he entered the seminary at Ghent where he spent two years. At this time he met the famous Jesuit missionary, Father De Smet, who had gone to Belgium to recruit for the Missouri Mission. At his invitation the young Oakley came to America and entered the novitiate of the Missouri Mission, February 2nd, 1835. After some years of teaching, he prepared himself for the priesthood, and was ordained by Bishop Kenrick of St. Louis, on December 21st 1842. The following summer, being then only in his twenty-ninth year, he was sent as rector, to take charge of St. Charles' College at Grand Coteau, La.; and it was here that he adopted the name of Oakley as the equivalent of the Flemish Van Den Eycken, which his American and Creole friends found a little unwieldy.

Returning to Missouri in 1846, he spent the next ten years in various occupations and duties of college life, as professor of higher mathematics, of Latin and French literature, and directing the choir and musical societies of the students.

In 1856 he was appointed Rector of St. Xavier College, Cincinnati, where he remained four years. Four more years he spent in St. Charles' Mo., and the remaining term of his life was devoted to parochial work in Chicago.

Father Oakley was a man of a naturally vigorous constitution and sanguine temperament; active, bold and fearless. During the last ten years of his life, the heart disease which his great vital energy had so long held at bay, broke his strength and made him a nervous and irritable man. For weeks and even months at a time, he had to sleep as best he could without ever going to bed. To lie down even for a few moments would cause suffocation. Those who knew how much he suffered, marveled at the man's indomitable vitality, and made ample allowance for what might seem a hasty or querulous temper, but what was in reality the result of overwrought nerves and constant suffering

Father Oakley loved music with the ardor of a born musician. Up to the last year of his life, wherever he chanced to be, he interested himself in the music of college or church, often trained the choir himself, and gave the first start and encouragement to many a one who later on achieved success as a singer or musician. During the last year, Father Oakley's health was completely broken. The heart refused to perform its functions, the circulation was retarded, the blood became impoverished, and the brain suffered. For some time before the end, his memory failed him and his thoughts were often confused. It was as singular as it was edifying to notice how, in the midst of his wanderings, the instinct of obedience in the old religious, asserted itself. When it was difficult to quiet him or to reassure him against imaginary dangers, one word of the superior was enough.

Worn out by his long and painful sickness, Father Oakley sank to rest on the afternoon of Aug. 9th, his soul fortified with all the rites of the Church and prepared for the reward of the faithful servant. According to the custom of our Society, the funeral was conducted with great simplicity. After the office for the dead, the Rector of the College celebrated a low Mass of requiem, at which a large number of the clergy were present, and then the remains were laid to rest in Calvary Cemetery by the side of his old companions, Fathers Smarius, De Blieck and Lawlor. On the following Thursday, a solemn High Mass of requiem was celebrated in the church, to which his friends and the parishioners generally were invited.—R. I. P.

Father John Schultz.

Fr. John Schultz died at St. Louis University, Aug. 25th, at 8.30 A. M. A protracted indisposition in an old man who had never been sick, a dropsical swelling of the feet and irregular action of the heart, had given warning that a long and useful life was drawing to a close. But the good Father was still able to walk about the house and to hear the confessions of the community. Favorable symptoms even excited hopes that he might soon be able to resume all his former duties. The end came suddenly. On the morning of the day mentioned, whilst the infirmarian was in attendance, the Father suddenly fell from his chair. Help being summoned, Extreme Unction could hardly be administered, before his soul had fled into eternity.

Fr. Schultz was born in Alsace, Feb. 2nd, 1816. Having made his collegiate studies in his native country, he entered the Society in Switzerland, at the age of twenty-one, on Oct. the 9th, 1837. He would have celebrated his golden jubilee this October. In 1848, the year of revolutions in Europe, Fr. Schultz came to America together with forty other Jesuits, among whom was our present Fr. General, A. M. Anderledy. Having been already raised to the subdeaconship before his departure from Europe, he was ordained priest in 1849, in the St. Louis Cathedral, by Most Rev. P. R. Kenrick. His companions on this occasion were our present Father General and the lately deceased Fr. Isidore Boudreaux.

Shortly after his ordination, Fr. Schultz was sent to Kahokia, Ill. During the cholera epidemic, he spent three months in Quincy, Ill. From Kahokia, he was transferred to Rich Fountain, Mo., and not long after to Kansas, where he labored among the Indians, and the French and American settlers. In 1861, Fr. Schultz was appointed Rector of St. Xavier College, Cincinnati, O. He held that position until 1865. The following year he was made Vice-Rector of St. Joseph's College, Bardstown, Ky. In 1870, he was sent to Chicago, where he was stationed for thirteen years. He had various offices, but spent the greater part of his time with Rev. A. Damen on the missions. In 1883, he was appointed spiritual Father of St. Louis University, in which office death overtook him.

Fr. Schultz was a deeply religious man. Strength, endurance and firmness were his characteristic qualities. He labored incessantly, and never complained. His advice was highly valued. As a confessor he had few equals. Fr. Schultz was seventy years old when he died.—R.I.P.

Father Thomas H. Stack.

(From the *Georgetown College Journal.*)

Died at Boston, Mass., August 30th, Rev. Thomas H. Stack, S. J., president of Boston College, in the forty-third year of his age, the nineteenth of his religious life, and the seventh of his priesthood.

The war-drum had scarcely ceased its echoing beat among the hills of the valley region of Virginia, the last soldier of the old Stonewall Brigade, heart-sick and foot-sore, had hardly found his way back to his wretched home on the Shenandoah, when that large-hearted, devoted priest, who more than once presided over the destinies of Georgetown College, Rev. Bernard A. Maguire, S. J., began in the country laid waste by the ruthless visitations of war, earnest missionary labors in behalf of souls. In the Valley of Virginia, where his impressive, soul-stirring voice then for the first time was making itself heard, the zealous priest found no more attentive, docile listener than a young Confederate soldier, who had borne a brave part in an unsuccessful contest, and had cast down from his weary shoulders the trusty musket to handle thenceforth the implements of peace. Failure of a cause, written as 'lost' on history's page, did not blunt his appreciation of the truth, that there is another

cause that can never be lost, and a contest in which surrender can never be enforced; and when, under the influence of the lessons eloquently set him to learn by the devoted Jesuit missionary, the soldier of Lee felt that a place might be found for him under the leadership of Loyola, he was not slow to accept the service, and on November 2nd, 1866, Thomas H. Stack entered Georgetown College to begin his preparatory studies.

It was then the writer first met him and recognized those singularly winning elements of character which throughout life commended him readily and irresistibly to all who came within the circle of his acquaintance. Modest and diffident he showed himself to be, while attractive and gifted, genial and generous, warm-hearted and of lofty principle, the maturity of manhood just attained resting like a becoming crown on the simple guilelessness of youth.

A leader in college and of college boys, young Stack was in universal demand, and with all he made his influence felt for good, less perhaps by the judicious words which his lips spoke, than by the peerless example he gave of all Christian virtues allied to the manly qualities that had stamped him the brave soldier.

In 1868, Thomas Stack entered the Novitiate of the Society of Jesus, Frederick, Md., and we can sum up his career as a Jesuit, running as it did through nineteen years, by pronouncing it to have been worthy of the great cause which he then espoused, and consonant with the purposes which then filled his heroic soul.

His success in the studies of the Order was marked especially in the line of natural sciences, and consequently and commensurately successful was his work as professor in the several colleges which at different times claimed his service. Gifted with a pleasant voice, possessing an engaging delivery, of a poetic temperament and humorous fancy, he displayed all the qualities necessary in a successful, popular lecturer, while as a practical manipulator in the cabinet and laboratory he ranked among the best.

Not less marked was his success in the study of theology, the years devoted to which finally led him to the crowning glory and privilege of the priesthood. Few priests enter better equipped than Father Stack upon the great and holy work allotted to the minister of God. Of a deeply sympathetic nature, in character meek and humble, like unto the great sacerdotal Prototype, with a heart quick to respond to the call of suffering whether of soul or body, of a tolerant spirit by reason of his early assumption of manhood's duties and his close acquaintance with men of all kinds, impelled by untiring zeal for the conversion of the wandering and the enlightenment of the ignorant, it was to be expected that Father Stack would show forth in his ministerial career the genuine traits of God's holy priest; and this expectation was not unfounded. In the confessional, in the sick-room, at the death-bed, in his personal pleadings with the wayward and sinful, the spirit of Christ found expression and efficacy in the words and exhortations of His priest; and conquests of souls were the frequent reward of Father Stack's devotedness.

In the pulpit his talents and his zeal combined to render him an effective, at times an eloquent, always an instructive, interesting preacher; and though none would seek to claim for him the qualities of a great orator, all who heard him will be prompt to acknowledge that he accomplished by his sermons what simple natural oratory, though of perfect type, often fails to obtain: change of heart, as well as conviction of the intellect. Father Stack's work as a member of Missionary bands proves how well he was fitted for the career which so many members of his Order, from the great Xavier in the East to Smarius and Maguire in our own land have illustrated.

In August of the present year his superiors called him to labors of a new character, and as president of Boston College he was summoned to exercise those administrative qualities which the observant recognized him to possess. This honor weighed heavily upon the heart of the humble priest, and when first it was imposed, all but crushed him. Higher motives and loftier principles of conduct speedily asserted their mastery

over what was purely natural, and Father Stack addressed himself to the task set him with an intelligence and an energy that proved the best results. But his work was accomplished and the end was at hand, though unseen of mortal eye, and its presence wholly unexpected.

Not more than two weeks after his appointment to the presidency of Boston College, an appointment on every side hailed as most auspicious for the welfare of that institution, Father Stack was attacked during the night by cholera morbus, supposed at the time to be of no serious character. It did not, however, yield to ordinary remedies, and was speedily followed by diarrhœa and strong fever. In two days the sick man's strength was well-nigh exhausted, and it was judged prudent to administer to the sufferer the last rites of Holy Church. These he received most piously and reverently, not abandoning the while hope of recovery. That the one chance of life left him might be the better guarded, Father Stack was removed, on August 29th, to Carney Hospital, South Boston, where absence of disturbing noises and the constant assistance of skilled nurses met the patient's need.

God had decreed that the holy priest was not to take up again the burden of life, and in most pious sentiments of resignation, divine love and gratitude for the privilege of death in the Society of Jesus, Father Stack peacefully gave back his soul to his Creator, at 2.30 P. M., August 30, 1887.

It is not the time, nor is this the place to give a comprehensive sketch of the work accomplished by Father Stack in the years of a life that was swiftly cut short when just touching its prime. But if the general sorrow evoked by his death, among the laity and the clergy be any indication of the affection and the esteem that centred upon him, Father Stack's life had not been lived in vain. What it has approved itself to be in the judgment of the Master whom he earnestly strove to serve, we may leave to the infinite mercy of God. Meanwhile for the eternal rest of his immortal soul, many fervent prayers daily seek the throne of God, sent thither from hearts that he had bound to himself in enduring bonds of friendship.

His body rests in the college graveyard on the hillside at Worcester, Mass. His soul, we trust, is with God.—R. I. P.

Father P. J. Kelly.

(From the *Santa Clara Journal.*)

Fr. Kelly died in Santa Clara College, Cal., on the morning of September 27th. He was born on the 2nd of April 1835, in the County Tipperary, Ireland. At an early age he accompanied his parents and family to America. They first settled in New Orleans, where they lived during the stirring times caused by the Know-Nothings. The death of both parents, and the unhealthiness of the climate of New Orleans induced the family to set out for San Francisco early in the fifties, when the gold fever was at its height.

At that time, the Church in California was in a state of transition from the old Spanish Mission system to the present; and great difficulty was encountered in providing a sufficient number of priests to minister to the spiritual wants of the crowds of new-comers. In 1855, Archbishop Alemany opened a seminary at Mission Dolores, to train some young priests for the work. Patrick Kelly hastened to enter it, but before he could complete the necessary studies it was closed. This led him to the resolve of entering the Society of Jesus, and accordingly, on March 17th, 1858, the feast of his patron St. Patrick, he donned the black serge of the Jesuit in the College of Santa Clara, where he received his first lessons in the religious life from the saintly Fr. Peter De Vos, S. J. Upon his instructor's death, in the succeeding year, he was sent to Frederick City, Maryland, to complete his noviceship and begin the long term of study which falls to the lot of every young Jesuit. Those were days in Mary-

land which tried men's souls; for the Civil War had broken out, and the young Jesuit students lived in daily expectancy of being called from their books and quiet retreat to share in the turmoil. It was not till he had completed his course of Philosophy in Boston College, that the welcome word of recall to California reached him. Upon arriving in San Francisco, he devoted himself to teaching in the old College of St. Ignatius on Market Street, which he left, after some years, in order to complete his Theological studies at Santa Clara. He was raised to the Holy Order of priesthood on July 31st 1870, the feast of St. Ignatius Loyola. His ordination took place in the Cathedral of Vancouver, Washington Territory, at the hands of Most Rev. A. M. Blanchet, Archbishop of Oregon, who had been excused by the Sovereign Pontiff, Pius IX, from attendance at the Vatican Council on account of his advanced age, and who was one of the few Bishops left in the United States at the time.

For the next seven years, Fr. Kelly was engaged as professor in Santa Clara College. It was during this period, on the 2nd of February 1876, the feast of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin, that he took his last vows. In 1877, he was back again in St. Ignatius' College, San Francisco, where he divided his labors between the church and the school-room. The chaplaincy of the Industrial School and the House of Correction was assigned to him in addition. Those who are acquainted with work of this kind in such institutions, need not be told that it is as uninviting as it is laborious. An incident occurred when he had ceased attending there which shows how thoroughly he won the affection and confidence of the waifs and strays confined in the Industrial School. The Superintendent, wishing to reward them for their extra good behavior, signified his intention to them of granting any reasonable request they should make, if it were in his power to grant it. Much to his surprise, the young rascals simply asked him to get them back 'the little Father' who used to attend the school. Fr. Kelly acquitted himself so well of this charge, that, as he used pleasantly to remark, his superiors judged him worthy of being sent to the State Prison. The 'promotion,' however, was cancelled, in order that he might become the Director of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin attached to St. Ignatius' Church. There again, he threw himself heart and soul into his work, and Almighty God blessed his labors; for, under his management, the sodality increased and flourished in a wonderful manner. He had held that post for three years, when he was removed to San Jose to organize a similar sodality. How much he accomplished during his four years' residence there, it is hard to estimate fully. The poor and afflicted had in him an unfailing friend and consoler; the young and wayward, a fatherly guide and director. Those who knew him best loved him most, and a thrill of sorrow and anxiety ran through the whole community, when word went abroad during the first week of September that Fr. Kelly had been stricken with what seemed to be a stroke of apoplexy. Stroke followed stroke at intervals of a week, until the last and fatal one came on the evening of the 26th, from which he never rallied. He breathed his last in the early hours of the morning of Sept. 27th. His death took place, as has been stated, in Santa Clara College, whither he had been removed a week previously, in hope that the change might benefit him. When the old Spanish bells in the church-tower sent forth their funereal notes on the morning air, every knee was bent, and heartfelt supplications were sent up to heaven for the repose of the soul of the deceased.

The funeral obsequies began at 5.30 on Wednesday morning Sept. 29th in Santa Clara Church, by the recitation, in full choir, of the office of the dead by members of the community; and at 9 o'clock the remains of the deceased were taken to San Jose, where, according to the rule of the Order, a simple Low Mass was celebrated by the Very Rev. Nicholas Congiato S. J., Superior General of the Jesuits in California. St. Joseph's Church was crowded to its fullest capacity, and sobs and tears were mingled with the prayers said over the good Father's bier. The funeral procession, as it moved slowly along the Alameda to the burial place of

the members of the Society of Jesus in Santa Clara cemetery, was a long and imposing one and such as has seldom been witnessed here. Those for whom he toiled and labored during life, did not forget him in death, for on the 5th inst., solemn High Masses were celebrated in St. Ignatius' Church in San Francisco, as well as in St. Joseph's, San Jose; at which the members of the respective sodalities, of which he had been director, assisted.

These few meagre details do but scant justice to the holy life of the departed. Fr. Kelly was a great and good man in the best and truest sense of the terms, and his loss has created a void which can scarcely be filled. He set the example of a holy and virtuous life, which, if imitated, will assuage the grief caused by separation from him, by rendering the certainty of a happy reunion with him in a blissful eternity doubly certain.—R. I. P.

Bernard L. Wall, Scholastic Novice.

There are some characters, as there are some flowers, so frail, so delicate, so spiritual in their nature, so sweet in the odor of their virtues that we feel, from our first contact with them, that God will not leave them long to bloom in our world of sin. Such is the picture we have seen of St. Aloysius, such is the idea that has come down of St. Stanislaus, and such in a great measure was the impression of all who knew our departed scholastic novice, Bernard L. Wall. Born April 16th 1868, he died in the home of his parents at Vancouver, Washington Territory, the 22nd of October.

Distance of place and his own reticence have deprived us of any details of his younger days, but the innocence in which they were passed has its best evidence in his absolute ignorance of the world and things worldly. Sent to the College of St. Hyacinthe, Canada, it was there, as he was wont to tell—and in the narration his usually passive features would assume an expression of animation—that his vocation came to him in a manner which he ever regarded as miraculous. He had been to confession, and in the darkness of the college chapel, lighted only by the flickering rays of the sanctuary lamp, he was thanking our Lord for the graces of the Sacrament, and, while reciting the chaplet of the Sacred Heart, was begging before that Seat of Love to know the divine will. Then, without any previous thought of a religious vocation, with little knowledge of us save that St. Aloysius and St. Stanislaus had been Jesuits, he felt himself called to the Society. A letter home brought in answer the consent of his good parents; a letter to his Ordinary obtained the required *exeat*, and his application for admission was soon on its way to Fr. Provincial in New York.

In this letter he states that he has little talent and all that he can offer is good will and a desire of perfection; but the president of the college, through whose hands the letter had to pass, discredited this humble statement by writing that 'he was a young man of great promise.' That this estimation of his talent was true, we soon had occasion to learn. Although he had spent but two years at college, he spoke Latin with more freedom and elegance than many of his fellow-novices who had gone through longer courses. With French he was well and practically acquainted. Greek, by his own admission, was, after spiritual books, his favorite reading. To these gifts he added an excellent knowledge of music and chemistry.

But we must not forget that it is with the spiritual side of his character that we are chiefly concerned. He entered on his first probation Sept. 16th 1885. From the first, he showed great exactness in the observance of rules; but it was during and after the 'great retreat' that his good qualities, his humility, his piety, his modesty, his entire devotion to heavenly things, and his distaste for all that was not spiritual, became conspicuous. All remember how he would kneel for the whole hour of

meditation, every feature recollected, absorbed in prayer, without a motion of his person save a slight heaving of the breast as he poured forth his soul in pious colloquies; and this with only the slight support of his clasped hands resting on the desk before him. Then when obedience, fearing for his health, prescribed that he should kneel no longer than fifteen minutes at a time, all noticed with what promptitude he would 'shoot up,' to use the expressive term of one of his young fellow-novices, from his knees at the expiration of the appointed time. Many remember, too, our first day of intermission; how, when we were talking together and comparing notes on the great week of Purgation, he, in his humility, was most earnest in speaking of the 'terrible load of sin' that he had thrown away; while one, voicing the opinion of all, was whispering that he 'wondered if Carissimus Wall knew what sin was.' Not once during these days did he violate a single *addition*, and the same thing, I think, may be confidently asserted of his observance of rule during his whole noviceship.

The recollectedness of the retreat ever remained, and it was with no little edification that we listened to his self-imposed and undeserved *culpas* for violating the rules of modesty and silence. The same motionless and unsupported posture in prayer which we have already referred to, whether in chapel or at his desk, he ever retained. We cannot say with what graces God rewarded these generous efforts, but one remark of his may throw some light on this point: 'Oh, if we only knew the joy coming from the practice of mortification; how gladly would we embrace it from our very childhood!' In sitting, he rarely rested his back against the chair, and never was he noticed to raise his eyes from his desk to look round the ascetory. Let us omit mention of the hundred little details in which he strove to reproduce traits of character and practices he had read of in the lives of St. Aloysius, St. Stanislaus or Blessed Berchmans, his happiness in the office of sacristan and his many pious plans for rendering more beautiful the dwelling place of Our Lord. One feature, however, must not be passed over in silence; it is his manner of spending recreation. He had no relish for any conversation which was not of heaven. If other subjects were introduced, he remained silent till some turn in the conversation allowed him to insert a spiritual lesson or thought. He had not, it is true, the happy gift we read of in the life of Blessed Berchmans, of imperceptibly directing the conversation to heavenly things, but these were all that his heart cared for, all that he could talk of; and if we, less fervent, like the fellow-novices of St. Aloysius, did not always encourage his efforts, let this confession be our reparation. It was observed, too, when we had free bands—those days when, with greater liberties, conversation is less guarded, and the night examen brings home to the novice the salutary truth that he is not so good and charitable as he had thought—it was his wont to withdraw a little from the crowd, to remain in silence, or to hold converse with the more spiritual of his companions.

Such is the sketch of the active days of his novice life. His virtue was yet to be tried in the crucible of suffering, before, purified from the dross of earth, he would go to receive his reward. Tall and delicate, he had as yet given no positive signs of disease, till, on the 2nd of February, a long walk was followed by a slight fever which, lasting for some days, attracted Fr. Master's attention. He was sent to the infirmary, and there, in continual fever, he was confined to bed until the first week of April. During all this time not one word of complaint escaped his lips. However, it was soon evident that consumption was going to complete the fatal work left undone by the fever. A change of climate was deemed the only chance of recovery; and so, on Aug. 29th, he started, in the company of his father, for Vancouver, W. T. In the event of his recovery he was to go to the novitiate at Santa Clara. Most favorable reports came from time to time of his convalescence, until he was attacked by congestion of the kidneys which resulted in death. On October 10th, he was visited by Fr. Tolchi, who, by permission of the Bishop, said

Mass in the invalid's room. On the 13th, Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Gross and Bishops Brondel and Junger called to see him. On Thursday the 20th, he asked if he was going to die, and when the truth was told him, he asked that Fr. Poaps should be sent for. This Father came at midnight. In his presence the dying novice pronounced his vows, and from him received, the following morning, the Holy Viaticum. At a quarter past four in the afternoon, after taking a little nourishment from his father's hand, he reached for his crucifix, and, armed with the emblem of our salvation, expired without a struggle. Bishop Junger celebrated the Mass of requiem and spoke in touching words of his many virtues.

Thus, with his baptismal robe of innocence, as we may believe, untarnished, with the fire of his novice fervor still burning brightly, purified by suffering, our good brother passed away. Two years of noviceship just completed; the vows of the Society still sounding on his lips; and then —the crown! What a glorious preparation for death; what a fit ending for so holy a career! 'His life,' writes his novice master, Fr. Tisdall, 'was a simple fact; he was good, innocent and full of talent; wise beyond his years and promising, but frail in health and ripe for heaven.' — R. I. P.

Father Daniel Lowry.

'Rev. Daniel Lowry, S. J., for the last three years connected with the faculty of the St. Louis University, died yesterday Nov. 1st, at 11.10 A. M., of consumption. He was born in this city May 15th, 1858. After the successful completion of his elementary and classical studies at the 'old college,' he went to the novitiate at Florissant, where, after the customary probation, he was admitted to membership in the Jesuit Order. Thence he was sent East to pursue his higher scientific and philosophical studies. He returned in 1879, and, after teaching for a while in Cincinnati and Mobile, was summoned to St. Louis to prepare for his ordination to the priesthood, which took place January 31st, 1885, at the hands of Archbishop Kenrick. Since then collegiate duties at the University have occupied all of his time. Never remarkable for its soundness, his constitution within the last six months began to give signs of growing weakness. His decline was steady and rapid, but throughout the trials consequent upon it, he never lost courage for a moment or trenched one particle more than was necessary upon the routine of his daily duty.'— *From a St. Louis paper.*

Gifted with a keen intellect, and highly refined taste, Fr. Lowry's was the long, ardent and enthusiastic pursuit of lofty ideals. To realize in his conduct the perfect religious, forgetful of self and considerate of the wants of others, ever watchful and guarded, ever patient and self-restrained, ever moderate and calm in exterior; to store his mind with the choicest thoughts and most noble aspirations of great masters, clad in sweetest phrase; to possess himself perfectly of every subject he studied, of every question in which he was interested, of every phase of the teacher's difficult art, constituted the high aim and the constant endeavor of his life. Was some difficult point of grammar to be explained to his pupils, he considered hours of preparation as well spent, provided by any outlay of time he could make clear the knotty question; was a sermon to be prepared, every word and phrase must be written and committed, every tone and inflection practised, not for vain display, but through respect for the word of God, and keen desire of perfection; was the chance guest to be entertained, from the moment of greeting the stranger his whole soul was occupied in anticipating every wish and making himself an agreeable host. Not that varied exterior duties were naturally agreeable to him; too well he knew the sweetness of solitude, the fascination of deep study, the charm of literary labor; and if he found difficulty in religious life, it was precisely in throwing himself so heartily into exterior toil or even into genial intercourse, when a weak body, a sensitive soul and a keen desire to do nothing, if not perfectly, made such

toil and such intercourse harassing and distressing. To that keen glance, with which he penetrated exterior appearances, was joined the deep interior perception of the soul ever in the presence of the Unseen and All-seeing, a perception which gave his judgment its delicate balance, his task its chiselled exactness, his heart its yearning after invisible beauty, his whole bearing its simplicity, sweetness and moderation. We knew him as a passionate lover of letters, intolerant of the slightest flaw and nice 'usque ad unguem.'

But what shall we say of his interior, that hidden field where stubborn battles are hourly fought, and where victory is so dearly purchased? His conduct ever displayed the same scrupulous care, the same carefully drawn lines, the same harmonious blending of strong and sweet traits, which marked, as far as the exterior can be said to tell the story of the soul, admirable consistency in applying to all the manifold duties of life the principles he so strongly inculcated in the art he loved so well. Unobtrusive and unpretending, he was perhaps known intimately by few; but those who knew him best loved him most, and will long cherish his remembrance as they foster the recollection of some picture of our Saviour, the eye of which at once wounds and probes the soul, then seems to pour a soothing balm into the sore spot it has touched within us. When we lose the picture we realize what a blessing it was to us; how difficult it will be to find another in which the Master has displayed such consummate art.—R. I. P.

Father John Bapst.

On Friday, November 4th, all that was mortal of Fr. John Bapst was laid to rest in the little cemetery of Woodstock College, in the presence of nearly two hundred of his religious brethren, whose fervent prayers mounted to heaven in his soul's behalf, and whose hearts will ever reverently cherish the memory of this brave confessor of Christ. Fortified by the last rites of the Church, he had passed away to God on the preceding Wednesday afternoon at Mount Hope Retreat near Baltimore, whither he had been conveyed for medical treatment some two years before.

Fr. Bapst's long missionary career is replete with interesting and stirring events; but the short time intervening between his death and this issue of the Letters, precluded the possibility of preparing a sketch which would at all do justice to the fertile subject presented. All that can be done in the present number, is to take a rapid glance at his truly apostolic life, leaving for the next issue a more detailed account of the various circumstances in which God's providence placed this remarkable man during life.

Fr. John Bapst was born at La Roche, Canton of Fribourg, Switzerland, on December 7th, 1815. He received his classical education at the Jesuit college of Fribourg, and on September 30th 1835, at the close of his collegiate course, entered the Society of Jesus. On the dispersion of the Swiss Province in 1848, Fr. Bapst, already a priest, came to the United States in company with other Jesuits of the same province. They were warmly welcomed by the Provincial of the Maryland Province, who assigned Fr. Bapst as assistant to Fr. James Moore in the Indian mission at Old Town, Maine. In 1851 the mission was transferred to Eastport, in the same state, with Fr. Bapst as Superior. In 1854, the mission of Bangor, Maine, was begun by the same Father, whose pastoral care extended also to the Catholics resident in the town of Ellsworth some thirty miles south-east of Bangor.

In this latter town was laid the scene, in which Fr. Bapst made that noble confession of Catholic faith, which nearly won for him the martyr's palm. While making his usual visitation of this mission, on Saturday, October 14th 1854, he was dragged from the confessional at about 9 o'clock in the evening, and, clad as he was, in his religious habit, with

the stole still around his neck, was hurried to an adjoining field. There he was stripped of his clothing, mounted on a rail, and borne along in mock triumph amid the blasphemous taunts and insults of his brutal aggressors. The rail at length breaking, his tormentors crowned their sacrilegious sport by defiling his sacred person with tar and feathers, and then ordered him to leave the town. This true follower of Jesus Christ, however, behaved not as the hireling, but proved himself the genuine shepherd of his little flock by remaining and offering the Holy Sacrifice for his people, whom he exhorted with heaven-inspired words to Christian patience and forgiveness. That this outrage was inspired by hatred for the true faith, is placed beyond doubt by the open avowals made by the ringleaders, while they were expending upon their innocent victim the full venom of their sectarian hatred.

Fr. Bapst recovered with difficulty from the effects of this ill-treatment, and for many months was confined to his bed. Indeed the noble confessor was in no wise anxious that his life should be prolonged, but earnestly hoped that he might win the palm of martyrdom. God, however, disposed otherwise, and reserved his faithful servant for further sufferings and fresh labors in his vineyard. For five years more Fr. Bapst continued to labor in the missions of Bangor and Ellsworth, and with such increased success that his generous confession seemed, like the blood of the martyrs, to prove indeed 'the seed of Christians.'

In 1859 he removed from Maine, and became spiritual Father at Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., whence, in the following year, he went to open the Scholasticate in the new College at Boston, just completed by Fr John McElroy. In 1863, on the removal of the house of studies, Fr. Bapst was appointed pastor of the Immaculate Conception Church, and in 1864, rector of Boston College, which in that year was first opened for the reception of students with Father Robert Fulton as prefect of studies and schools. This field of his labors still bears witness to the wonderful fruitfulness of his zeal, and the praises of 'dear Father Bapst' are still the theme of many a tongue not alone among the laity, but also among the clergy of Boston, to all of whom he proved himself a constant friend and prudent counsellor.

In 1869 he was appointed Superior of the Mission of New York and Canada. He returned to Boston College in 1873, to fill the office of spiritual Father and confessor in the church. In 1877 he was sent to Providence, R. I., to preside over the lately acquired residence and church in that city. In 1879, his health began to fail, and in that year he was transferred to Boston College to discharge his former office of spiritual Father. Here he began to show signs of that mental infirmity which darkened the last days of his life. In hopes that some benefit might accrue to his health by a change of air, and that the charitable services of the novices might help to lighten the sad affliction under which he labored, his superiors sent him, in 1881, to the novitiate at West Park, N. Y. Here he remained until 1883, going thence to the novitiate at Frederick, Md. In 1885 it was thought advisable to convey him to Mount Hope in order that he might enjoy the benefit of the experienced care of the good Sisters of Charity; and here, after two years' stay, he passed away to his God, with clouded mind it is true, but rich in the merits of the great sacrifice of himself which he had offered to God at the very beginning of his infirmity.

Thus was fitly crowned with humiliation and suffering a career begun amid the ignominy so dear to the true disciples of Christ. Truly Fr. Bapst may be justly esteemed of the number of those chosen ones of whom the Wise Man says: 'As gold in the furnace he hath proved them, and as a victim of the holocaust he hath received them.'—R. I. P.

Varia.

Albania. — European papers of October 21st, contain the following: Two Jesuits, Luigi Lucchini, a priest, and Gennaro Pastore, a scholastic, inmates of the Albanian Pontifical College of Scutari, while taking a walk at the outskirts of the town of Scutari, were, without the slightest provocation, attacked by Mohammedan shepherds. The scholastic was shot dead on the spot, Fr. Lucchini barely saved his life by headlong flight.

Armenia.—The school of Fr. Vernier at Sivas has lately received an increase of fifteen children of schismatical Greek parents. The teacher of the Greek school, who by the way is the nephew of the Greek Pope, being unsatisfactory to some parents, these sent their children to our school. Since the advent of the new pupils, the greatest courtesy and respect are shown to Fr. Vernier in those quarters of Sivas occupied by the Greeks, where formerly his appearance was the signal for abuse and insult. The parents of the new pupils have also begun to attend our church: of course it is needless to say that the Greek Pope is any thing but pleased with this state of affairs.

Fr. Rolland writes that things look pretty serious at Marsivan. The Protestants are very strong there, being in possession of a large boarding-school which numbers over 150 scholars. They have also a flourishing seminary in the town. They attack us from all sides, so that the missionaries who are to oppose them successfully must be men well versed in the sciences and in languages, not excluding Hebrew.—*Letters of Mold.*

Beaumont.—*Queen's visit.* The year 1887 was that of the Queen's jubilee. The faculty and pupils of Beaumont College assisted at the unveiling of the Queen's statue at Windsor, where a place had been reserved for them at the right of the grand stand. On the following Monday the welcome news was brought that Her Majesty would drive past Beaumont, and would stop to receive an address of congratulation from the masters and the boys. Time was found for tasty decorations, notwithstanding the short notice, and Her Majesty was received in a becoming way with singing, an address, and presentations of flowers. In return Her Majesty spoke words of thanks, and the reception was concluded by the boys singing the *Carmen Beaumontanum.*

Beyroot.—*St. George's Circle.* To understand fully the need of a Catholic circle or club at Beyroot, one must first accurately picture to himself the city as it now stands. The Beyroot of to-day, is not that of 20 or 30 years ago, a small oriental town out of the pale of European civilization, beyond the reach of modern progress, and preserving in its faith and its morals the freshness and simplicity of early ages. The city, which is spreading daily, and daily growing more beautiful, numbers over 120,000 inhabitants, among whom are more than 30,000 Mussulmans, well-nigh as many schismatic Greeks, several thousand Jews and Protestants, and upwards of 40,000 Catholics belonging to different rites. The steady increase of schools affords the natives ample opportunity for education. Most of them learn French, and read with relish the books and newspapers sent over from France. It is needless to say that their preference is for the trashy sort. Very lately, owing to the stay in our midst of the Egyptians, or rather of the cosmopolite population of Cairo and Alexandria, twice hunted from their homes, first by the uprising of Arabi Pasha, and then by the breaking out of the cholera, immorality and religious indifference have assumed alarming proportions. Add to this the baleful influence of Protestantism, unflinching in its efforts to ruin the faith of our Syrians by its schools, journals, reviews, so called scientific societies, the disastrous workings of freemasonry by means of its three lodges, its libraries, its book-shops, where are retailed the works of Voltaire, Rousseau, Volney and those of our worst novelists, and you will have a correct notion of

the dangers to which are exposed the weak, fickle-minded, novelty-seeking youth of Syria.

Already the schismatic Greeks, the money-holders here and the leaders of fashion, are almost entirely won over to atheism. These Greeks are the organizers of social clubs, builders of theatres and other places of public amusement, which are productive of incalculable harm. In the face of such allurements, what was there to guard safely and screen from peril, those among our young men whose wish was manfully to stem the tide of immorality? Nothing worth mentioning. Hence our daily experience pointed to the sad fact, that very few of our pupils and those of other Catholic colleges, could be ranked among the *pure of heart*. True, there was a sodality for men under the direction of our Fathers, but the members were few. The preaching to the sodalists was done in Arabic; and this, I presume, drove away our old pupils.

During the Visitation of Rev. Fr. Provincial, about 40 of our former students of Beyroot and Gazir gathered together to welcome him. Some of them demanded that something special be done for the Catholic young men of Beyroot. After mature deliberation, they decided upon a circle or club, to be placed under the patronage of the founders themselves and their associates, chosen from among the most respectable and influential men of the city. A committee of organization was at once elected. The hardest feature of it all was to draw up a skilful program of the work, and find the necessary funds to give it a start. A few broad outlines of the work, borrowed from the by-laws of the circles of Marseilles, Paris and Brussels, were immediately sketched. Time and experience, it was hoped, would put the finishing touches to the plan. Our aim was simple. The motto: "Juventuti Christianæ provehendæ" expressed it. It was the advancement of Christian youth. One could well have added "et conservandæ"; for our work was chiefly to be one of preservation. To effect this, we were to furnish them a means of spending pleasantly their leisure hours on Sundays, especially during the long winter evenings; and help them by means of books, lectures, and informal chats, to complete their literary, scientific and religious training.

The circle, under the patronage of St. George, one of Beyroot's patron saints, was solemnly inaugurated on the 10th of March 1884. The members, of whom 12 were called founders, numbered 70, chosen from Catholics of all classes throughout the city. Things went on smoothly enough the first year; but the next year (mark the wayward dispositions of our Syrians), from the day when cards were positively banished from the circle, the members began to withdraw; a few at first, then more, on the plea that the club-rooms were too far out of the way. So, you see, the second year threatened to be the last of our enterprise. Knowing full well, however, the inconstancy of our Orientals, we did not lose heart at the sudden turn things had taken. We showed no desire to retain the malcontents, but kept on cheering up the willing few, looking about us the while for a more satisfactory location.

Last summer, the President of the circle secured a hall, not far from the University buildings, smaller, it is true, than the former, but more cheerful, and nearer the centre of the city. In October we took possession. Thirty members answered the roll-call. The director of the Austrian military band offered to organize and direct an orchestra. Of course we accepted the offer; and the circle got a fresh start. On November the 1st, we threw open the new club-rooms and inaugurated the *musical society*. Fr. Lefebvre was Chairman on this occasion, and one of the professors of the university delivered a brilliant discourse on the fitness of the circle's motto: 'The progress of christian youth through Christ.' The Vice-President followed with an Arabic address, in which he aimed some hard blows at the selfishness of his countrymen.

To-day the roll shows 80 names. There is a free-school attached to the circle with a daily attendance of 150 pupils. If then you ask me whether our hopes are realized, I answer that, though a great deal remains to be done, the results already arrived at are marvellous. First, the Society has made several fast friends in Beyroot and a goodly number of promising young men have sought admittance into our sodalities. Besides, on leaving college, our students find a safe haven, wherein to seek shelter from the storms of life. They have, at the circle, agreeable company and harmless, though pleasant pastimes. At every hour of the day, the club, with its libraries and billiard rooms, is open to them, and concerts are provided every week for the lovers of music. You know that our Syrians cannot do without coffee in winter; and in summer, are more than partial to a glass of beer or lemonade, which they slowly sip whilst smoking their cigarettes. Well, to keep them out of

bar-rooms and cafés, these refreshments are furnished them at the club. In a word, though all has not yet been done, the prospects are fair.—*Letters of Mold.*

Boston, Mass.— St. Mary's Church Fair to pay the debt of the church, closed on June 16th, and has proved a grand success. It netted over $50,000.00.

From Boston College comes the good news that statistics for the first two months of the school year show an average attendance at daily Mass of 170, out of 195. At present the number of absentees averages only 4 or 5. This is very edifying considering the distance that many have to travel in order to reach the college in time.

Religious Liberty in Boston.—Some time ago, Fr. Bric S. J., appeared before the American Catholic Historical Society of Philadelphia, and read a paper on 'Catholicity in the Public Institutions of Boston.' He began with the time when the officers of the prisons had power to exclude even the priests. The latter were allowed occasionally to visit the sick, simply because the friendship of the priest was more desirable than his displeasure. At this time, Catholic children confined in prison, were deprived of all Catholic literature, had their very names changed and, on their release, were placed in Protestant families in New England, or were sent West to be brought up Protestants in the most bigoted districts. About fourteen years ago, a member of the State Legislature, prominent as a preacher, as well as a politician, introduced a bill to give Catholic priests the right to visit the State prisons and to minister to the wants of the Catholics confined in them. The bill was passed and the prisons were thrown open to the work of the priests. Still the Catholic prisoners did not avail themselves of the privilege of hearing Mass. Upon inquiry, it was discovered that they were obliged to attend Protestant service. After a week of hard labor, and with a certain amount of work, even on Sunday, the Catholic prisoners found that, if they attended both services, there would be no time left for rest or recreation. Reports of cruelty, and complaints that Catholic prisoners were obliged to attend Protestant worship, were brought before the city government, and resulted in having a commission appointed to investigate the charges. As soon as investigations began, the officers of the City Prison asked of the Corporation Counsel, an opinion concerning the legality of obliging Catholics to attend Protestant worship. The answer was that such action was unconstitutional, that it made Protestants a privileged class and that it was objectionable to Catholics. This decision was published in the prison and resulted in an immediate increase in the attendance at Mass. Later on, permission was asked and granted to establish a Sunday-school for the children. The teachers were prominent Catholics of the city, whose interest in their pupils lasted after their release from prison, and manifested itself in obtaining employment and suitable homes for them. Thus, little by little, was freedom of worship gained for the unfortunate inmates of Boston prisons; let us hope that the day is not far distant when a like freedom will exist in others of our large cities.

Canada. — Canada has become an independent mission, Rev. Fr. Peter Hamel, Superior.

Canonizations.— On the feast of All Saints the Pope, in presence of the Cardinals, ecclesiastical dignitaries and of his court, announced his approbation of the decrees of canonization of the seven founders of the Order of Servites and of the three Jesuits, Peter Claver, Alphonsus Rodriguez and John Berchmans.— *Germania.* Jan. 14th is the day appointed for the canonization.

Colombia.— The church of Blessed Peter Claver at Cartagena was found entirely abandoned by the natives. At the tomb of the apostle of the negroes a single lamp, attended by a colored woman, is kept burning in his honor. The church will soon be rebuilt. There is a great devotion among the black population to their patron; and with considerable pride they affirm that he was of their race and color, and in proof of this, they point to a picture of Blessed Peter in which he is represented as of a rather dusky hue. — *Letters of Jersey.*

Conewago Centennial. — From the *Memorial* of Conewago which is full of interesting details about each and every prominent Catholic, who has been in any way connected with Conewago during the last century, we select

a few details concerning the celebration. We hope to receive a longer contribution on the subject for the next number.

The celebration began on Oct. 20th with a triduum conducted by Fr. Denny. On Sunday, Oct. 23rd, there was a solemn High Mass in the morning, at which Very Rev. M. J. McBride, administrator of Harrisburg diocese, was celebrant; and solemn vespers in the evening at which Fr. Racicot, acting provincial, officiated. Such an assemblage of clergy and people was never seen at Conewago before. Among the clergymen present, besides all the neighboring pastors, there were rectors and superiors from Philadelphia, Washington, Frederick, Leonardtown and Hanover. Fr. Dufour of Conewago was Master of Ceremonies.

English Reader.— By Rev. Edward Connolly, S. J. (New York: Benziger Bros.) — This is the first number to appear in the series of *School and College Text-Books*, which, at the request of Rev. Fr. Provincial, are about to be edited by Ours. It is hoped that this series, whilst tending to bring about uniformity in the text-books of our own colleges, will at the same time meet the want hitherto felt, of editions, Catholic as well as scholarly, which will be at once moderate in price and suitable to Catholic schools and colleges generally. In this, the initial publication of the series, Fr. Connolly has not only attained the primary object of the book, by presenting an excellent variety of selections for reading, adapted to the different grades of any academic course, but he has also brought together, in a manual of convenient size, many of the most striking passages in the literature of the language, at the same time giving at least a few lines from the writings of most English authors of merit. Similar care and judgment are also manifest in the classification and arrangement of the selections, whilst the printing, paper and binding leave little to be desired. The first number, therefore, of the long-needed series, is likely to be very acceptable to both teachers and scholars.

The editor of *The Pastor*, in his notices of recent publications, writes: 'Nothing we have ever seen in its line, will bear comparison with this Reader.' And judging from the very flattering notices, more recently given by the *Irish Monthly*, and the London *Month*, the success of this first venture is assured, if intrinsic worth be of any avail.

Etudes. — Next January will witness the re-appearance in Paris, of the 'Etudes' of our French Fathers. A new house will be established in Paris for the staff, 15 rue Monsieur. The resident editors chosen from the four provinces are said to be the following: FF. de Scoraille, superior; Martin and Rivière, (Toulouse); Desjacques and Burnichon (Lyons); Brueker and Mury, (Champagne); de Bonniot and Delaporte (Paris).

Fr. Louis Saint Cyr.—A veteran missionary, the distinguished Fr. Louis Saint Cyr, went to his reward on the 11th of January, 1887, at Kodaikanal, Madura mission. He went to Madura in 1841, was the first rector of St. Joseph's College, Negapatam, visitor of the mission of Madagascar in 1858, superior of the mission of Madura in 1866. He was the author of several works both in French and in Tamil. A most pious and amiable man, truly 'dilectus Deo et hominibus.' He died and was buried at the shrine of N. D. de la Salette, Kodaikanal, which he himself had founded.

France.—During the past year Fr. Watrigant inaugurated at Chateau Blanc a monthly retreat for the working-men; thus securing the permanence of the fruit of their yearly retreat. The monthly exercises are conducted in the following manner: On the appointed Sunday the working men assemble in the church at 7.30 A. M., and the Father in charge makes aloud before them a meditation, which lasts until 8 o'clock, at which hour Mass begins. An instruction is given at the gospel, and during the thanksgiving the Father suggests pious thoughts and ejaculations to his hearers. During breakfast one of the Fathers reads, and, the meal over, the beads are recited in common; then follows another instruction, and at 10 A. M. they are dismissed.

The two following accounts of retreats to working men are so remarkable for their good results, that we cannot omit them: Mr. Dupire, a manufacturer of Roubaix, seeing that his employes did not attend the mission given in their parish churches, although he had allowed them to stop off work half an hour earlier than usual, determined to induce them to make a retreat. His efforts were crowned with success, and all betook themselves in a body to the Trappist monastery of Mont des Cats, where a retreat of two days was given

by Fr. Watrigant. The Trappists received them with the greatest kindness and gave Fr. Watrigant every facility to carry on his good work, thus showing their gratitude to the Society which had lately given them a master of novices and professor of theology.—Another Christian employer, Mr. Dutilleul, of Armentières, whose shops give employment to over 1000 men and women, has lately by his zeal and perseverance brought about a great religious change in his establishment. Four years ago not one of his employes was a practical Catholic; indeed, so far had the spirit of infidelity crept in among them that they were accustomed to make a mockery of the Blessed Sacrament by presenting to one another little pieces of paper cut in the shape of hosts. But now, owing to the zeal and prayers of Mr. Dutilleul, morning and evening prayers are said in common, and in every shop there is a statue of some saint. Since this change has been brought about, their material interests have also advanced. A mutual benevolent society has been founded, as well as a savings bank established, and every thing is in a flourishing condition. Regulations regarding the discipline in the shops have been drawn up, and half of the fines collected for violation of the rules is paid out to the families of the poorer working-men. Several employers in France are following a similar plan with the most happy results. To these working-men our Fathers give yearly retreats, and it is needless to say that the fruits are most consoling.—*Letters of Jersey.*

Fordham.—The latest report from St. John's College brings the news that the boarding-students, actually present, number 216. An academy for girls under the charge of the Ursuline nuns was opened in the parish last April, and is now in a flourishing condition. In September, a parochial school was added to the parish and placed in the hands of the same worthy teachers.

Georgetown College.—Several changes have been made in the faculty this year and several improvements in the college. The new museum is now finished and ready for the cases, the Junior study-hall has been furnished with new desks, and work is soon to begin on the College Hall interior. The commencement exercises in June were attended by President Cleveland who thereby re-established an old custom scrupulously adhered to by the first Presidents. The number of students in the three departments (Law, Medical and Academic) last year was 371. This year there are already 140 boarders in the Academic department. It should be noted that all of these study Latin and Greek; as there is no purely English course attached to the college.—The collection for the Pope's jubilee was $70.00; the occasion will be celebrated by the students on Dec. 2d.

The friends of Georgetown will be especially delighted to learn that the large debt of a few years ago is now well-nigh obliterated.

The venerable Fr. James Curley, now the only relic of the last century in our province, who recently celebrated his 91st birthday and the 60th anniversary of his advent to Georgetown College, is still sound in mind and body. (May he continue so!) Being consulted recently with regard to a sword in the college museum whose history did not seem to correspond with the story of Fr. Rey's death as told in this number (p. 226), the venerable nonagenarian answered as follows:—(We regret that we cannot reproduce a fac-simile of the note in the simple and exact handwriting which so well bespeaks the simplicity and exactness of the writer's character) 'Dear Mr.——, An officer of a Volunteer Co. a native of Washington, gave us the sword you allude to. He told us it was found on the ground along side of Fr. Rey's dead body, when the villagers of the place first found Fr. R.'s body, and from that circumstance *alone* it was supposed he was killed by it.

Yrs. in Christ, *James Curley, S. J.*'

German Province.—Fr. Werner is in Rome putting the finishing touch to a new ecclesiastical atlas, and to an atlas of the Eastern churches, to be published for the Pope's jubilee. He has also in preparation several other atlases.—Fr. Beringer is to be made Consultor of the Congreg. SS. Indulg.—The five years' course of theology has been discontinued in the German Province.—In Professor de la Cousserie's Review, 'Babylonian and Oriental Record,' the new edition of the Babylonian texts of Nabonidus, by Fr. Strassmaier, received a handsome eulogy on the part of the reviewer, who gives him the palm for accuracy above all his contemporary Assyriologists.

Denmark.—A short time ago a high dignitary of the Lutheran establishment publicly returned to the Church. Count Moltke, the Danish ambassa-

dor in Paris, has also become a Catholic; also the Countess Lorenórn, sister-in-law of a minister of state. Another noble lady visited the Protestant synod, lately in session; being much disgusted with the differences of opinion which she witnessed there, among the Protestant theologians, she called upon the Catholic Prefect Apostolic, and was very much astonished to receive from him clear and positive answers to her doubts and difficulties. There is a number of university students among the converts of our Fathers.

Ireland.—A missionary band has been established recently in the Irish Province.—A new monthly, *The Lyceum*, edited by our Irish Fathers in connection with the University College, Dublin, made its first appearance in September (Dublin: Keating and Co.). In the first number was an article entitled 'Mr. Mivart and Moses,' written by Fr. P. Finlay, our professor of the evening class of dogma.

Japan.—Although our Fathers have not the happiness of laboring upon the soil of Japan for the conversion of that country so dear to our Society, it seems, nevertheless, that Providence intends to grant to Ours, in an unexpected manner, a considerable share in that glorious work. Since it has become known in Japan that we have a European school at Shang-Hai, several Japanese families have sent us their sons. There are at present fifteen Japanese youths in our college at Hong-Keu. The Japanese consul, who is a friend of Ours, is their guardian. On Christmas day, 1886, three of them received baptism. One of them is the son of a Minister of state, the post being hereditary in the family; another is the son of the governor of a province. Fearing unpleasant consequences if we proceeded without the consent of their parents, we consulted the consul before admitting them to baptism. His answer was: 'You have nothing to fear, I take the whole responsibility upon myself.'—Some time ago a young Japanese Christian came to Zi-Ka-Wei and begged to be admitted into the Society. If he is received, he will be the first Japanese in the restored Society. He was converted in his own country without any other human intervention than the reading of religious books. When he learnt that the brethren of St. Francis Xavier were at Shang-Hai, he sailed at once for China. He is at present studying Philosophy in our seminary at Zi-Ka-Wei.—Soon after the arrival of our young candidate, two Japanese bonzes arrived at Zi-Ka-Wei. Upon landing at Shang-Hai from Japan, instead of going to the pagoda of their countrymen, they at once inquired for 'the temple of the Lord of Heaven.' They had fled from their country in search of the true religion. They, too, are now in the seminary preparing for baptism.

Mangalore.—On the 8th of September the corner-stone was laid of our new diocesan seminary. Its name will be St. Joseph's Seminary. The pile will consist of three parts. The central part will be a church, large enough to hold all the faithful of the city; the seminary will be on one side; on the other, the house for the Fathers, scholastics and novices. It will be three stories high; the first of the kind built in Mangalore. On every story there will be a veranda all around the house. The whole will cost above 90,000 rupees. Let us hope that St. Joseph will send the money.—*Extract from a letter of Fr. Zanetti to Fr. Piccirillo.*

Manitoba.—*St. Boniface.* We have 99 students, about the largest number ever reached in this college; 46 full boarders. Our connection with the University of Manitoba is threatened. Grumblers are trying to have the University Act remodelled. This looks as if it were part of a general conspiracy against Catholic influence in the North-West. Cutting us off from the University would not materially affect the prosperity of the college; but it would take away a powerful stimulus to masters and students. — *Extract from a letter of Fr. Drummond.*

Mauritius.—Bishop Meurin, S. J., late Vicar Apostolic of Bombay, who has been transferred to the Island of Mauritius, is trying to get some of our French Fathers for his new diocese.

Missouri Province.—The new college in St. Louis is already under roof; it will be ready for occupation by St. Ignatius' day. The new collegiate church in Omaha is almost completed.—The building formerly occupied by the servants at Florissant, is being transformed into a Steam Laundry.—Fr. John

Poland has finished his English translation of the Greek Anthology; it is now being printed in Cincinnati.—Fr. Damen will celebrate his golden jubilee on Sunday, Nov. 20th, in Chicago; the sodalities and societies of the parish of the Holy Family will participate. As a memorial of the occasion, the parishioners propose to found a home and school for deaf and dumb boys. We hope to have a jubilee notice in our next number.—The course of Sodality Lectures in Chicago opens on Nov. 7th. The lecturers and subjects will be as follows:

Fr. Higgins—Self Culture (Nov. 7), sketches from Early Amer. Hist. (Jan. 23).

Mr. Moulinier—English Poetry (Nov. 14, 28, Dec. 9).

Mr. J. B. Finn—Rise and Growth of Oratory (Nov. 21), British Oratory (Dec. 12), Amer. Oratory (Jan. 9).

Fr. W. Poland—Paper, Books and Writing (Dec. 5).

Rev. Fr. Meyer—Catholic Thought in Literature (Jan. 16).

Mozambique.—This Island is strewn with vestiges of the labor of our early Fathers. The palace now occupied by the Governor was formerly a college of the Society.—The church which is at the right of the college, and is at present in a very dilapidated condition, is soon to be repaired by the Governor.

It is well known that St. Francis Xavier visited Mozambique and stayed there for some time. Tradition has it that one day while the Saint was walking at the south-east end of the island, he was seized with a desire to visit the African coast which could be seen in the distance. Some Arab boatmen on the beach, having refused to row him over, the Saint, kneeling in prayer for a few moments, rose up, and, spreading his cloak upon the water, stepped upon it, and rapidly passed to the other shore. Ever after, the rock upon which he knelt, possessed the property of giving forth, when struck, a clear pleasing sound, like the ringing of a bell, while the neighboring rocks, though of a similar character, are perfectly silent when struck.

Fr. Courtois, while visiting Fort St. Sebastian, at Mozambique, found in the chapel there, the spot where Fr. Sebastian de Moraes, S. J., first Bishop of Japan, was buried. The following inscription, discovered over the tomb, rectifies two errors which have crept into the annals of the Society; one regarding the year of Fr. de Moraes' death, the other concerning his resting place, which was supposed to be in the church of St. Paul at Goa.

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—*Letters of Mold.*

New Mexico.—Reports from Morrison and Las Vegas announce that the prospects of both colleges for the coming year are encouraging. The new college in Denver is in course of erection and will be completed next summer. It will be of stone, 300 feet long, 78 feet wide and four stories high. The grounds, 50 acres, are the gift of Messrs J. Walker and L. Perrin. The former was many years ago a student at Georgetown College. The opening of the new college will cause important changes throughout the mission. The two existing colleges will be closed next July. When this announcement was made in Las Vegas it caused general dissatisfaction, and efforts are being made to retain our Fathers there. In the early part of Nov. our residence at La

Junta will be given over to the Archbishop. Last year it was decided to close it, but at the request of the people no change was made. The present interests of the mission oblige Ours to abandon it, and it will soon pass into the hands of secular priests.

New Orleans.—Rev. Fr. John B. Lessmann has been appointed Visitor of the New Orleans Mission.

New York City. — *St. Francis Xavier's.* The end of September, this year, counted 370 students, the largest number at the same date since 1880. The new courtyard makes a magnificent playground; so popular has it become that it is said to be hard to get the boys away after school hours. The *Xavier* has resumed its original form and is again issued monthly. From the November number we select the following description of the *new building:* 'It is 184 feet long, 86 feet high from curb line to top of parapet, and 62 feet deep. The lecture hall, which runs through three floors, the cellar, basement and first floor, has a capacity of 1,000 persons. The stage of the hall is 58 by 19, and to deaden the noise from the street there is a projected corridor. The main stoop will be of gray granite 18 feet wide. The library of the college at the east end of the building will be 68 feet long, 26 wide. Besides the hall for the patrons and guests of the college, and the lodge on the first floor, will be the parlors for the friends of the college and visitors on parochial matters.

The upper rooms will be occupied by the Fathers and Professors of the college . . . . The front of the building is relieved by two bays of 28 feet in width, projecting about 12 feet beyond the face of the main building, square in plan in basement and first story, octagonal in second and third. The face of the building on the fourth floor returns again to the building line . . . It is expected that the upper rooms will be ready for occupation before the beginning of the new year.'

Philadelphia.—*The Messenger of the Sacred Heart* is still improving; beginning with the October number, it assumes the sub-title: 'An Illustrated Magazine of the Literature of Catholic Devotion.' Those who were familiar only with the old *Messenger*, can hardly realize what a great improvement this title implies. The *new series* began with an enlargement of one-half its previous size, presenting each subscriber with the 24 pages of the *Pilgrim* or *Little Messenger*, each month, in addition to the 48 pages previously given. The October number, however, increases the size of the *Messenger* by the addition of 16 pages of *illustrated varieties*. Subscribers, therefore, are now furnished with 88 pages of reading matter each month (1056 each year), for the same price for which they formerly received only 48 pages. The illustrations in the October number are of a high character; the frontispiece is Leo XIII, in his robes of office; and the *varieties* illustrate the life of *The Humble St. Francis of Assisi*. The private life of Archbishop Carroll, with fac-simile of MS., is begun in this number, the writer drawing on unpublished letters and documents. Short stories, poems, etc., with official notices and correspondence of the League of the Sacred Heart, fill the remaining pages of this entertaining magazine. We hope the American Head Director, Rev. R. S. Dewey, S. J., may rely on the efforts of those who hear of these improvements, in securing new subscribers, to help him to bear the additional expense. We extract the following notice from the October number: 'A Chinese *Messenger* has just appeared, swelling the number of our brotherhood of magazines of the Sacred Heart to 21 in 12 different languages. Connected with these are 3 *Little Messengers of Our Lady's Heart*, like our own *Pilgrim*. 5 of these periodicals are published in English, 2 by ourselves, 1 (often mistakenly called the *Little Messenger* by our Catholic exchanges) in England, 1 in Australia, and 1 in Bombay, India. All of the *Messengers* are under the immediate control of the Head Directors, for their respective countries, of the *League of the Sacred Heart*, called the *Apostleship of Prayer*. They all receive a common impulse from monthly communications made them by the Director General of the League, who is appointed by the Pope. Besides their consoling ministry of devotion, the *Messengers* all try to carry out the mission of St. Francis de Sales, the great Doctor of the Church. His writings, too, were rather devotional than theological; but it was also said of them that they were so solidly entertaining as to thrust aside from the hands of Christians "dangerous books of amusement." This is the aim of the MES-

SENGERS, so far as they take on themselves the character of a literary magazine,—to supply *new* and *interesting* reading to Catholics of every class, which shall not only *entertain innocently*, but also furnish them the *consolations of their religion*. In other words, they do not pretend to offer speculations on society and civilization or other *general* topics, nor yet *mere* Catholic light literature, but rather the *literature of Catholic devotion*, adapted to *individual souls*. In this, we believe our network of magazines, now encircling the world, is unique. The new Chinese brother, so far as we can learn of its up and down columns, swings bravely into line, and is already succeeding.'

Providence, R. I. — At the request of the Speaker and at the desire of the Bishop, Fr. Brennan opened the Lower House of the Legislature of Rhode Island with prayer.

Rome.—The Holy Father has approved the decree of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, nominating Fr. Lavigne Vicar Apostolic, with episcopal power, of the newly created Vicariate of Cottoyam.

Scientific Notes.—With the consent of the Russian government the Holy Father sent an expedition to Moscow to observe the total solar eclipse of August 19th. The expedition was under the direction of Fr. Gaspar S. Ferrari, formerly Fr. Secchi's assistant in the observatory of the Roman College. He was accompanied by two Oratorian Fathers who once studied under Fr. Secchi. Owing to the weather, our observers together with many others stationed along the line of totality, were disappointed. In August last, this line extended from Prussia to Japan, but it was only from a few places in Siberia that observations could be taken successfully. Our Fathers did not make arrangements, as some few did at Moscow, to witness the grand phenomenon from a balloon raised above the clouds.

At the beginning of last summer an invitation was extended by the Director of the Imperial Observatory of Moscow to the Royal Astronomical Society of London, to send two of their members to observe the same eclipse at his country seat at Pogort. Fr. S. J. Perry of Stonyhurst College was chosen by the council as one of the delegates. In the London *Tablet* for October 8th, he gave an account of his trip and his kindly reception; but like Fr. Ferrari, he also was prevented by the clouds from taking any observation.

Fr. Heude, of Zi-Ka-Wei (Chinese mission, near Shanghai), has been lately appointed Corresponding Member of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia.

The well-known Meteorological Observatory of Manilla, Philippine Islands, directed by our Fathers, has been declared by the Spanish government beneficial to agriculture and navigation, and as such it will receive an annual endowment.

Fr. J. Hagen, of the College of the Sacred Heart at Prairie du Chien, has been contributing a series of articles to the *Stimmen*, on the Smithsonian Institution of Washington.

The series of essays on Cosmogony published in 1885–6 in *Natur und Offenbarung*, by Fr. Carl Brann, Director of the Kalocsa Observatory (Hungary), was lately republished in book-form under the title of 'A New Cosmogony,' and was very favorably reviewed in *Nature* (London).

In November 1886, the Topographical Society of France awarded to Fr. Roblet, missionary of our Society in Madagascar, for his indefatigable and successful labors in executing general and special maps of the island, an extraordinary medal, second only to the 'grand medal of honor.' M. Le Myre de Villers, the French Resident-General in Madagascar, hearing of Fr. Roblet's work in this regard in the province of Imérina, and that of the Betsiléos, had sent one of his secretaries to examine the work carefully, and, on receipt of his report, had addressed an earnest memorial to the Topographical Society asking a public recognition of the Father's services. The maps, he says, are the first of their kind for completeness and accuracy, whilst the labor and scientific knowledge which they demanded were unusually great. They were executed during thirteen years of study, from the most insignificant resources, at the cost of the greatest fatigue, and in the midst of incessant dangers. They comprise the general map of Madagascar and the particular map of Imérina and the Betsiléo district. In response to M. de Villers' memorial, M. Martinie, Comptroller-General of the Administration of the army, and President of the Topographical Society of France, in a letter of November 4th

1886, answered that the society was only too happy to be able, through M. de Villers' kindness, 'to perform an act of justice which all the world would applaud . . . , that it had decreed a medal extraordinary to the indefatigable topographer who was an honor to science and to France.' The reward was duly proclaimed the following Sunday, November 7th, in the general assembly of the Topographical Society, in the hall of the Sorbonne, Paris. Father Roblet had executed in person the regular plan of a stretch of country five hundred kilometres in length. The method employed was that of triangulation. After measuring off a base at the environs of Tananarivo, he made a triangulation comprising fifty thousand principal points and two hundred thousand points of the second order.

Rev. Fathers Caussèque and Camboué, two of our missionaries in Madagascar, are highly praised by the secular press, the former for his French-Malagassee Grammar, and the other for his labors on the *Sériciginènes* (silk-worms) of Madagascar. Fr. Caussèque's Grammar, says the *Moniteur* of the Isle de la Réunion, has singularly facilitated the study of the language spoken with more or less purity by all the tribes of Madagascar, and has received the most complimentary notices, not only from the French colonists, but even from the *Madagascar Times*, the organ of the Protestant missionaries. Mr. W. E. Cousins, an English missionary and the author of the Malagassee Grammar which for years has been a law in the English schools of the Island, has published an article exhorting his colleagues to adopt the modifications proposed in Fr. Caussèque's new grammar, which, he says, eliminates a host of ambiguous terms and recommends itself to general favor by its great simplicity. It is said that the government has ordered one hundred copies of the work for the schools of St. Mary of Madagascar, of Nossi-Bé and of Mayotte.—Fr. Camboué's labors on the silk-worms of Madagascar were rewarded with a medal of the first class, by the *Société d'Acclimatation de Paris* on August 2nd, 1886. The details relative to the native silk-worms, from which the Malagassians secure the silk for the stuffs known as *Lamba-Landy* and which they call *Bibindandy*, have attracted special attention on account of their completeness and accuracy.

Sicily.—The Sicilian press, through the Archbishop of Palermo, has presented to Fr. Joseph Orlando a gold medal, in acknowledgment of the services which he has rendered, as Director of the *Sicilia Cattolica*, to the Holy Father, to the Church, to his country and to the cause of letters, in his long struggle of twenty years against the principles of Protestantism, Free Masonry and Infidelity. The inscription on the medal is the work of Fr. Angelini. —*Letters of Jersey.*

Spain.—Queen Christina visited Loyola on September 23rd. The inhabitants were very much impressed to see the Queen at their favorite shrine. Bishop Vitbosia came to say Mass on the occasion. That the Society is in a flourishing condition in Spain is evident from the following: The Province of Castile, besides the seminary of Salamanca and 5 colleges in Cuba, has 7 colleges in Spain. The Province of Aragon has in all 11 colleges, of which 4 are in South America and 2 in Manilla; moreover, the seminaries of Montevideo, Buenos Ayres and Santa Fé, are under the direction of the Fathers of this province. Toledo has in all 7 colleges, 4 of which are in South America. In Portugal, Ours have charge of 4 colleges.—*Letters of Jersey.*

Spiritual Exercises.—The indefatigable Fr. Watrigant, who has begun the formation of a library of the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius, to embrace whatever has been published on the Exercises at various times and in diverse countries, is about to re-edit the following work, which has been long since out of print: Historia Exercitiorum Spiritualium Sancti Ignatii, auctore Rev. Patre Diertins, S. J. Ad primam editionem exacta, quæ nunc prodit auctior quibusdam ex opere Patrum Bollandistarum excerptis.

Stonyhurst College.—During a recent meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, held at Manchester, there were present of members and associates 3,882. By permission of Rev. Fr. Rector, fifty from amongst this number visited Stonyhurst College.—On the members' arrival at Whalley, they first visited the parish church, which dates from A. D. 596; and the ruins of the abbey founded in 1296 by Henry de Lacy, Earl of Lincoln. Thence they drove to the college where, in the sacristy, were

shown the hat and several personal ornaments of the Blessed Thomas More; the relic of the crown of thorns given by Mary Queen of Scots to Thomas Percy, Earl of Northumberland; and the leg bone of St. Thomas de Cantelupe. Amongst the relics were several of those of our English martyrs. There were some vestments of English fifteenth century work; and one set which belonged originally to the chapel of Henry the Seventh at Westminster. Another set was attributed to the handiwork of Catharine of Aragon. Some silver candle-sticks, two large monstrances and the statues of SS. Thomas and Augustine, brought by the college from Liége, are still preserved in the sacristy. In the library, the visitors were shown a variety of finely illuminated manuscripts. The earliest of these was a copy of the Gospel according to St. John, which dates from the seventh century. It was taken from the tomb of St. Cuthbert nearly eight hundred years ago. Probably the most admired of printed books was the prayer-book used on the scaffold by Mary Queen of Scots. Many other valuable books were seen, for example, the folio *Shakespeare*, examples of the early printers, a Sarum Missal by Pynson on vellum, examples of modern *éditions de luxe* and of rare bindings. The collection of prints comprised many of the master-pieces of Albert Dürer on copper and wood, and etchings by Rembrandt. Here were the cases of birds collected and stuffed by the famous old Stonyhurst scholar Charles Waterton; the nucleus of a collection of British birds commenced this year; and the very complete collection of reptiles made by Dr. Mivart. The collection of coins, and the museum wherein the various branches of natural history are so well represented, are worthy of note. In the observatory, the different self-recording meteorological and magnetic instruments were examined with great interest. As the day was fine, the great telescope with spectroscope attached, was pointed to the sun, and the Hilger solar eye-piece fixed to the finder, giving the visitors an opportunity of observing both the solar spectrum, and details of the sun's surface. The drawings of the sun were admired. The school-rooms, likewise, play-rooms, study-place, dormitories, academy-room, etc., received their due of praise.

Troy, N. Y.—Our Fathers in Troy will soon have two new school-houses. One, for girls, is already in use. The Sisters of St. Joseph attend it. The building is of brick, two stories high with a turret at each corner. It is 114 by 52 and contains 8 large class-rooms 44x24, and a corridor 10 feet wide extending through the length of the building. Stair-cases at each extremity. The other school, for boys, is nearly completed; it is on a similar plan but somewhat smaller. It will be opened in January.—The anniversary of Fr. Jogues' martyrdom was celebrated very quietly at the shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs, at Auriesville. Three Fathers and a few of the laity attended.

Turkey.—The funeral services of Very Rev. Fr. Beckx were celebrated at Constantinople, with the greatest pomp. Besides several Prefects Apostolic and superiors of the religious orders, there were 5 Bishops present. Both the Chargé d'Affaires and the Consul of Belgium were present. The English Ambassador occupied the place next to Rev. Fr. Rector. Mgr. Rotelli officiated and also gave the last absolution. After the services a large number came to offer to Rev. Fr. Ferrante their sympathy and condolence upon the loss the Society had sustained.—*Letters of Jersey.*

Washington, D. C.—The *new pastoral residence* adjoining St. Aloysius' Church, has been occupied by the community attached to Gonzaga College and St. Aloysius' Church since the middle of August. The Washington *Capital* describes it as follows: 'The main entrance forms a connecting link between the house and the church. There is on the south side a circular bay window of 6 feet radius, reaching up through all the stories, a distance of 61 feet from the sidewalk, and capped by a conical slate roof, surmounted by a Keltic cross, the top of which is 91 feet above the basement floor. On the south-west corner is a rectangular bay, 16 feet wide, forming a sort of truncation to the natural angle formed by the lines of the south and west fronts. This square bay is carried up through two stories, and forms at the third story a balcony crested with an ornamental railing. The introduction of different forms of moulded brick, and the attention paid to the frequent use of contrast lines, give to the entire front an air of endless variety that is really astonishing, when we remember the want of variety in the materials of which it is composed. Even the grouping of the windows was so disposed as to con-

tribute to the variety which is always so pleasing and reposeful to the eye.' We would only add to this that the interior is in keeping with the simple elegance here described. The community chapel with its marble altar, stained glass windows and frescoed walls is at the same time elegant and devotional.

Worcester, Mass. — *Holy Cross College.* Fr. Samuel Cahill, the new rector, has solved the long-standing and baffling problem of supplying class-room accommodations for the steadily increasing number of students. The transfer of the library to the rooms formerly occupied by Fr. Rector, provides a large and elegant class-room. The actual attendance on Nov. 1st was 185. Of these, about 35 are day-scholars. The four higher classes average 30 each. The class of poetry numbers 40. The students' offering for the Pope's jubilee was $52.18. The $1,000.00 lately given by the Governor of Mass., has been applied to found a scholarship for a Worcester boy.

Home News.—*Ordinations.* The annual ordinations to the priesthood took place on Aug. 27th, Cardinal Gibbons officiating. The following were ordained priests on that day:—FF. James W. Collins, Timothy Brosnahan, Cornelius Gillespie, James Wellworth, William B. Brownrigg, Arthur J. McAvoy, George A. Fargis, Joseph Zwinge, Raphael V. O'Connell, Michael P. Hill, John F. Lehy, William Quigley, Francis X. McGovern, Anthony Maas, Francis Barnum, William H. Morrison, and William J. Kevill—of the Maryland-New York Province; Fr. John B. Kokenge of the Missouri Province; and Fr. Augustine Laure of the Mission of California. Twenty nine scholastics received tonsure and minor orders on the 25th. The 'Greeting to the newly-Ordained' was given on the lawn south of the college and was witnessed by the relatives and friends of the new priests. The programme was neatly arranged and well carried out; and by no means the least of its charms was its brevity. It consisted of a congratulatory address by Mr. J. H. O'Rourke and short poems by Fr. Van Rensselaer and Mr. J. J. Wynne, interspersed with four selections well rendered by a double quartet. Those of the newly ordained who have since left us are:—Frs. Collins, Gillespie, Quigley, and Morrison, who are now at Georgetown College; Fr. Lehy, who is now at Worcester, Mass.; Frs. McGovern and Barnum, who have gone to Troy, N. Y.; Fr. Wellworth who is at St. Thomas'; and Fr. Kevill, who is at St. John's College, Fordham.

Some changes affecting Woodstock have been made since the departure of Rev. Fr. Provincial for Ireland: Fr. Racicot has been appointed Vice-Provincial and has been replaced here as Rector by Fr. W. Pardow. Two new professors are on the staff this year, Fr. Peter Finlay from the Irish Province teaching the evening dogma class, and Fr. Worpenberg of the Missouri Province teaching the 2d year of Philosophy.

The *New Raccolta*, published by order of His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII, has just made its appearance. Owing to the omission of prayers that were found in former translations and the introduction of prayers indulgenced by Pius IX and Leo XIII, it has become necessary to issue this *new translation*. This edition has been approved by the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences in a decree issued at Rome on April 21st, 1887. An *appendix*, containing prayers for Mass and Vespers, has been added, making this edition a complete Prayer Book.—Published by P. F. Cunningham and son, 817 Arch St., Philadelphia.

Fr. R. J. Holaind's book is just out; it is entitled: '*Ownership and Natural Right*—An examination of the land theories of Messrs. Herbert Spencer and Henry George.' We give a summary of the contents: (1) Socialism and Communism; (2) Statement of the Question; (3) Natural Law—Jus gentium—Positive Law; (4) The Right of Ownership demonstrated by Deduction; (5) Ownership demonstrated by Induction; (6) Abstract and Concrete Right; (7) What can we Own?—Occupancy vs. Labor.—Increment. (8) Ownership in Land; (9) The Statics of Mr. Spencer; (10) Absolute or not Absolute; (11) Can the State grant a Deed? (12) Abuse and Remedy; (13) Land Tax; (14) Objections drawn from Political Economy; concluding with an Appendix, on Church Decisions. The work is published by Hill and Harvey, Baltimore and New York. Price 50 cents.

Fr. U. Heinzle, has an article in the October number of the *Catholic World*, on 'Galileo and McGlynn.'

Fr. P. Finlay opens the first number of the *Lyceum* with an article mentioned elsewhere; the title is: 'Mr. Mivart and Moses.'

Fr. Piccirillo, assisted by one of the theologians, has begun to make a collection of objects illustrating the lives and labors of Ours in this country from the earliest period. The articles already gathered are exhibited in a case on the third corridor and have attracted the attention of the *Baltimore American*, which has given accounts of them in its issues of August 26th, and October 6th 1887. Our thanks are due to Frs. Harpes, Gaffney, Pye Neale, Renaud, Hayes and Barnum for contributions to this collection. Among the relics already gathered, is a volume of the Douay Bible, used by Fr. Joseph Greaton, founder of the mission in Philadelphia, with annotations in his own handwriting. This volume was printed by 'Laurence Kellam, at the sign of the holie Lambe, Doway, M. DC. X.' We have also a manuscript copy of the Roman Missal, one of the two copies written by the hand of Fr. Theodore Schneider for use in his missionary journeys through Pennsylvania and New Jersey; one of these copies was presented to Georgetown College by Fr. A. Bally, the other remained at Goshenhoppen (now Bally, Berks County, Pa.) until the beginning of the present year, when it was sent to the Woodstock collection by Father Harpes. The Georgetown copy is mentioned by Col. Campbell in his 'Life and Times of Archbishop Carroll,' as a proof of the extreme poverty in which the missionaries lived. The Woodstock copy has been photographed at the request of Dr. J. Gilmary Shea, and a picture of it will be given in the second volume of his 'History of the Catholic Church in the United States.'

Some familiar names were recalled recently by a note in Dr. O'Reilly's 'Life of Leo XIII,' now being read in the refectory. The note reads as follows: 'In the United States very many among both the clergy and laity will remember some of Vincent Pecci's schoolmates at Viterbo, and later at the Roman College. The venerable Fr. Tellier, S. J., who died not many years ago in Montreal, Superior General of the mission in Canada, was by his exquisite taste and the finished literary excellence of all his compositions, a not unworthy rival of him who was destined to produce the encyclical *Immortale Dei*. Another classmate was the Very Rev. William S. Murphy, S. J., whose memory still lives in New York, New Orleans and St. Louis. A third was the Rev. Paul Mignard, S. J., of St. Francis Xavier's, New York. These men never ceased praising the enthusiastic love of study with which their masters inspired them.'

Fr. Hedrick of Woodstock and Mr. O'Sullivan of St. Francis Xavier's attended, during the past summer, the school of Geology in connection with Harvard University. The work of the school was principally the study of geological formations in the field. The session lasted six weeks. The localities visited were Boston, New Britain, Conn., Catskill, N. Y., and North Adams, Mass. At Boston, the matters of study were the glacial deposits, the igneous rocks and dikes of the coast, and ocean action. At New Britain, the Mesozoic sandstones and included trap sheets, among which was a bed of volcanic ash. At Catskill, the Silurian, and at North Adams, the Taconic rocks.

Frs. Brett and Conway are this year studying at the University of Innsbruck, Tyrol, 8 Universitätsstrasse. Last year there were 32 American students at this University.

Colleges of the Society

IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

PLACE	NAME	PROVINCE	1886–87		1885–86	
			STUDENTS	GRAD. A. B.	STUDENTS	GRAD. A. B.
Baltimore, Md.	Loyola College*	Md. N. Y.	120	5	148	3
Boston, Mass.	Boston College*	"	287	16	297	9
Buffalo, N. Y.	Canisius College	German	306	5	278	7
Chicago, Ill.	St. Ignatius' College*	Missouri	301	5	274	8
Cincinnati, O.	St. Xavier College*	"	323	9	293	11
Cleveland, O.	St. Ignatius' College*	German	75	...	.....	...
Detroit, Mich.	Detroit College*	Missouri	287	10	243	...
Fordham, N. Y.	St. John's College	Md. N. Y.	269	16	230	12
Galveston, Texas	St. Mary's University*	N. O. Mission	100	...	.....	...
Georgetown, D. C.	Georgetown College	Md. N. Y.	189	10	207	10
Grand Coteau, La.	St. Charles' College	N. O. Mission	91	...	94	...
Jersey City, N. J.	St. Peter's College*	Md. N. Y.	108	...	104	...
Las Vegas, New Mex.	Las Vegas College	Naples	223	...	215	...
Milwaukee, Wisc.	Marquette College*	Missouri	181	5	162	...
Montreal, Canada	Collége Ste. Marie	Miss. of Canada	368	...	351	...
Morrison, Colorado	Sacred Heart College	Naples	50	...	31	...
New York, N. Y.	St. Franc. Xav. Coll.*	Md. N. Y.	379	9	398	15
New Orleans, La.	Imm. Concept. College*	N. O. Mission	383	10	363	6
Omaha, Nebraska	Creighton College*	Missouri	196	...	178	...
Prairie du Chien, Wisc.	College of S. Heart	German	130	...	103	...
St. Boniface, Manitoba	College of St. Joseph	Miss. of Canada	109	2	105	4
Santa Clara, Cal.	Santa Clara College	Turin	237	1	254	...
San Francisco, Cal.	St. Ignatius' College*	"	857	4	841	2
San Jose, Cal.	St. Joseph's College*	"	117	...	97	...
St. Louis, Mo.	St. Louis University*	Missouri	314	5	344	5
St. Mary's, Kansas	St. Mary's College	"	264	...	288	4
Spring Hill, Ala.	St. Joseph's College	N. O. Mission	119	6	119	13
Washington, D. C.	Gonzaga College*	Md. N. Y.	129	...	118	...
Worcester, Mass.	Holy Cross College	"	172	15	151	15
		TOTAL	6684	133	6287	124

* Day Schools.

Ministeria Spiritualia Provinciæ Marylandiæ Neo-Eboracensis, a die 1ª Julii 1886 ad diem 1ᵐᵐ Julii 1887.

DOMICILIA, Etc.	*Baptizati*	*Hæret. convers.*	*Confess. partic.*	*Confess. gen.*	*Commun. extra T.*	*Commun. in T.*	*Matrim. benedic.*	*Matrim. revalid.*	*Extremæ Unction.*	*Catecheses*	*Parati ad 1ᵐᵐ Commun.*	*Parati ad Confirm.*	*Exhortationes*	*Conciones*	*Exerc. Spirit. Sacerd.*	*Exerc. Spirit. Relig.*	*Exerc. Spirit. Stud.*	*Exerc. Spirit. priv.*	*Mission. (per hebd.)*	*Novenæ*	*Tridua*	*Visit. Xenod.*	*Visit. Carcer.*	*Visit. Infirm.*	*Sodalitates*	*Sodales*	*Pueri in schol. paroch.*	*Puellæ in schol paroch.*	*Schol. Domin.*
ALEXANDRIA	72	10	10484	85	144	10284	26	...	57	137	44	.....	37	71	..	...	..	..	...	1	..	41	.....	435	4	446	75	130	230
BALTIMORE	35	7	57235	342	1320	36490	14	1	23	267	72	.....	156	277	3	12	7	..	13	..	9	245	327	141	4	2161	.....	.....	420
BOHEMIA	16	3	1420	19	193	839	4	...	5	182	34	99	102	9	..	...	..	..	3	..	4	.....	.....	43	2	190	.....	.....	47
BOSTON COLLEGE	...	53	77500	700	14500	68540	...	1	293	223	250	150	215	190	..	5	2	..	4	7	5	670	.....	480	9	2580	.....	.....	1200
" St. Mary's	315	18	91700	2900	870	8500	97	35	650	110	415	186	35	411	..	2	..	..	...	..	..	460	468	850	6	3500	800	750	250
" Holy Trinity	283	4	22416	338	280	18200	67	...	95	454	80	.....	90	73	..	...	..	..	...	..	..	29	2	693	6	3203	208	216	.....
" Missionaries	19	58	91091	14050	85000	.....	10	51	.....	401	777	1489	11010	980	1	7	..	..	76	..	8	6	9	.....	...	.....	.....	.....	.....
CONEWAGO	135	6	23956	130	7424	35988	28	...	56	401	82	.....	150	233	..	...	1	..	...	9	3	.....	.....	170	6	1205	346	328	120
FORDHAM	58	...	19723	189	3153	13269	19	...	43	230	300	190	146	78	1	3	..	..	...	..	..	40	.....	92	5	206	.....	.....	190
FREDERICK	87	34	10100	175	230	17224	17	4	44	268	117	40	99	130	..	2	..	..	...	3	1	54	18	764	5	205	69	60	250
GEORGETOWN COLLEGE	18	12	14693	38	18353	720	5	1	16	106	22	8	24	383	4	7	2	..	...	2	6	2	.....	29	2	105	.....	.....	.....
" Holy Trinity	214	12	21900	41	119	.....	30	8	47	102	103	.....	139	89	..	1	..	..	...	6	..	.....	.....	1512	2	693	125	160	670
GOSHENHOPPEN	50	2	9500	13	57	10000	12	1	18	104	54	.....	92	71	..	...	..	..	...	..	..	.....	.....	163	1	200	115	.....	.....
JERSEY CITY	382	14	39301	1405	558	39625	76	...	174	128	210	255	169	294	..	5	1	1	8	5	5	75	.....	703	7	960	450	500	1000
LEONARDTOWN	337	20	14632	42	574	12624	57	2	218	239	322	.....	135	165	..	...	..	..	...	3	..	12	5	527	4	210	.....	.....	427
NEW YORK, St. Francis Xavier's	309	54	266722	832	8000	102570	122	6	249	290	286	230	206	267	3	11	4	..	10	2	6	100	10	700	12	6000	600	500	800
" St. Joseph's	341	...	38874	367	54781	18446	57	5	136	200	60	.....	4	159	..	...	..	..	...	..	..	15	.....	454	4	180	244	215	500
" St. Lawrence's	273	20	55000	1500	500	61000	75	5	250	150	240	373	300	60	..	5	..	..	3	..	..	.....	.....	1000	7	1000	300	300	1000
" Islands	800	70	28500	1500	21000	.....	5	3	2467	235	180	.....	800	.....	..	...	..	..	...	..	..	2000	830	.....	...	.....	.....	.....	.....
PHILADELPHIA, Gesu	126	21	65011	618	10319	71697	47	20	300	550	159	4	120	119	2	5	..	..	1	3	2	560	245	693	1	431	200	220	800
" St. Joseph's	150	43	81645	251	542	48528	46	19	83	270	245	251	170	183	..	1	..	..	2	..	6	21	6	3457	7	2750	120	220	1200
PROVIDENCE	180	15	25845	208	324	21500	52	...	212	63	130	.....	217	83	..	...	1	..	...	1	2	15	.....	910	8	2668	130	350	650
ST. INIGO'S	135	11	5000	10	50	2200	23	...	50	2700	200	.....	104	104	..	...	..	6	4	1	2	.....	.....	.....	1	200	40	20	.....
ST. THOMAS'S	152	7	5053	66	1247	3000	15	...	40	107	25	.....	.....	113	..	...	..	1	...	..	..	5	6	40	2	130	.....	.....	200
TROY	327	5	57450	375	.....	7500	52	5	210	50	450	632	315	114	..	1	..	..	...	2	2	110	.....	250	13	3500	550	700	1300
WASHINGTON	225	14	30058	85	2705	3400	43	5	170	56	290	.....	2	76	..	6	6	..	3	3	7	4	.....	974	4	1250	150	450	900
WHITEMARSH	57	5	2240	80	690	1300	10	5	19	84	34	.....	.....	60	..	...	..	..	...	..	..	.....	.....	30	...	.....	.....	.....	78
WOODSTOCK	63	8	6670	92	337	1086	6	1	23	504	20	22	23	183	..	13	..	..	6	..	3	.....	1	87	3	127	.....	.....	125
WORCESTER	2	...	7362	198	712	.....	2	...	.....	46	125	.....	44	44	..	4	..	..	2	..	3	.....	.....	2	2	77	.....	.....	.....
SUMMA	5161	526	1181081	26639	233982	614530	1017	178	5948	8657	5326	3929	14904	5019	14	90	24	8	135	48	74	4464	1927	15199	127	34177	4522	5119	12357